New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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Rt Hon. DOUGLAS JAY
Common Market Mirage

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KINGSLEY MARTIN
The Kennedy Dilemma

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London Housing Crisis

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CHRISTMAS BOOKS
D. J. Enright
V. S. Pritchett
David Marquand
Louis MacNeice
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Frank Kermode
C. H. Rolph

The Great Wall of Berlin

Pyramus: O wicked wall! through
whom I see no bliss,
Cursed be thy stones for
thus deceiving me!

Theseus: The wall, methinks,
being sensible . . .

NOBODY who has visited West Berlin recently can fail to be appalled by the physical monstrosity of Ulbricht's wall and all that it signifies in human misery. No theatrical impresario – not even an Eisenstein – could have provided such vivid, ocular proof that Communist rule is unacceptable to the people of East Germany. The instinct of all those who value freedom is to tear it down.

Many indeed – in Washington as well as Bonn – urge us to obey this instinct. And those who counsel caution are accused of abandoning without pity the liberties of 17 million Germans who live beyond the concrete. In meeting this argument, it is well to remember that the German politicians who advocate action against the wall have, to put it mildly, imperfect records in the defence of individual liberties; they are those who, earlier this week, celebrated 150 years of what one of them called 'objective' arms manufacture by Krupps.

There are, however, more fundamental objections. When the first wall was erected on 13 August, there was a slender chance that the Allies could have demolished it without risking nuclear war. The US government evidently (and rightly) discounted such a chance, for it pointedly ignored advanced intelligence information that the wall would be built. Now a second and more formidable barrier has been strung together; its destruction would involve a major military operation, from which total war would ensue with virtual certainty. Those who still urge action are, therefore, demanding that, for the sake of the liberty of 17 million Germans, we should sacrifice not only the liberties but the very lives of all Germans – and of hundreds of millions of others besides.

Nor are the arguments against demolishing the wall entirely negative. In two important ways it performs a positive function. Since 1945, the greatest single threat to world peace has been the instability in central Europe which springs from the failure to sign a German peace treaty. Agreement on a treaty is as far away as ever; but in the meantime the wall physically underlines the status quo. It cuts across the no-man's land in which politicians might be tempted to take calculated risks; and constitutes a universally-recognised tripwire, whose breach would invoke certain war. While the wall stands, accidental conflict over Berlin is impossible.

Secondly, and paradoxically, the wall can bring hope to those who live behind it. By reinforcing the division of Germany, and so increasing Russia's sense of security, it permits Mr Krushchev greater liberty to experiment within his empire. His earlier policy of liberalisation in 1956 came to grief partly because the 'revisionists' in Hungary had established an open frontier with the West – and thus face him with the brutal choice of abandoning his satellite completely or reimposing Soviet rule by force.

Now, after the most careful preparations, he has embarked on a second and more fundamental phase of de-Stalinisation. He has learnt from his errors, and his confidence is strengthened by the fact that Russia has now achieved military parity with the US. But the wall provides him with a further guarantee: that in East Germany, the most important and sensitive unit in his satellite empire, he can carry out his experiment without risk of interference from the West. Already, for the first time, formal de-Stalinisation has reached Czechoslovakia. The signs are that, in due course, it will be extended to Herr Ulbricht's regime. The wall, especially if it is acknowledged in a Berlin settlement, offers the only hope that the lives of the East Germans will become less oppressive. This is a point that Mr Kennedy has doubtless stressed to Dr Adenauer; it is one that Mr Macmillan, this week-end, should repeat to General de Gaulle.

SPOTLIGHT ON POLITICS

Time of Troubles

ANTHONY HOWARD

Nothing, one hears, so shook the Conservative back-bench finance committee – at its by now famous meeting on Tuesday night – as Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's own bland announcement that he knew nothing at all of what was going on between the Electricity Council and the government until he got back to London from Paris last Saturday morning. The admission was no doubt made in somewhat nettled circumstances – the Chancellor, having originally volunteered to go like a Christian into the Colosseum, may well have felt by the end that if anyone was going to be actually torn limb from limb it deserved to be someone else rather than himself. All the same it is open to doubt if the remark was a wise one; for the effect of Mr Lloyd's confession has been to confirm the worst fears of a number of Tory back-benchers.

What, in fact, has happened – behind all the smoke and dust – seems to be quite simple. The government has lately somehow managed to get completely out of touch with both the reactions and responses of its own supporters. It is impossible, for example, to believe that if Mr Macmillan had known of the violent reaction that would be set off as a result of his theatrical intervention on Tuesday he would ever have made it. And certainly Mr Lloyd seems to have had no notion of the storm he was running into by agreeing – in what was meant apparently to be a placatory gesture – to address the Tory finance committee. (It is worth perhaps noticing here that neither, obviously, had Mr Nigel Birch, the committte's new chairman, as he had not even taken the elementary precaution of arriving in time to take the chair.)

But, curiously, what happened on Tuesday was almost an exact replica of the cautionary experience that the government had last week. Mr Butler lately has been wearing a particularly bruised and offended look – and one can well understand why. One of the reasons why the government got into such rough water this week was that the back-wash had by no means subsided from the capsizing of Mr Butler's immigration bill by the 1922 Committee last week. No one any longer is pretending that the government's handling of its new immigration proposals was anything else but bungled quite horribly.

And that, of course, is the point. At one moment last week the Irish were out of the immigration bill ('I am convinced,' said the luckless Mr Butler, 'that the government is right to take this decision'), at the next poor Mr Hare at gun-point was being forced to hint heavily that they would be brought back in.

The same pattern was observable over the Electricity Council and the pay pause. At first the government appeared determined to ride with the punch. Then sounded some siren voices from the Sunday press – and a panic decision seems to have been taken to hold a drum-head court-martial without, however, the faintest possibility at the end of imposing any penalty or sanction. The formula of leadership thereby implied was perhaps best reflected in the evening paper headlines: on Friday 'Mac Bows To Angry Tory MPs', Wednesday 'Now Mac Waits To Hear MPs, Unions'. And, for once, instead of being loyally indignant, Conservative MPs have seemed to grow slightly cynical.

The odd thing, of course, is that all this should all have happened on the one front on which the Tory Party – and Mr Macmillan in particular – have always been taken to be complete masters. A glaring piece of maladministration, a total collapse in economic prediction – and no one would have been exactly swamped by surprise. Yet what is astonishing is that so soon after a buoyant and triumphant party conference, the Conservatives should have got themselves into the shallows and miseries over the control of their own party in parliament. Of course, one knows that the times have not been altogether easy – the blows, after all, have fallen just at the moment of a certain change-over in personnel. It might not, however, be a bad start towards better things if that change-over was now carried to its logical conclusion – and if Mr Macleod was, for example, permitted by a tenacious Mr Butler to enjoy the privileges as well as the responsibilities of being Leader of the House.

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Mr Gaitskell has not only taken his time but also kept his own counsel over the changes that he must now any day make in the departmental composition of his shadow cabinet. The principal question-mark all along has hung over Mr Harold Wilson, and whether or not he would be willing to make a move from the Shadow Chancellorship which he has held since 1956. If Mr Wilson is prepared to accept the Shadow Foreign Secretaryship, then Labour's front-bench can be given a comparatively new look.

Will Mr Wilson now make the move? If he does so, he will have to overcome an obvious initial reluctance. That reluctance is easy to understand. The last comparable move made by a Labour politician – that of Herbert Morrison to the actual Foreign Secretaryship in 1951 – is scarcely a precedent to inspire confidence in any successor; and in any case foreign affairs has traditionally been a subject of which Mr Wilson himself has always seemed to steer very clear.

For Labour's Shadow Chancellor the decision has undoubtedly been something of a long night of the soul – and it is now perhaps possible to guess at the factors which may have weighed with him. Not the least of them, one suspects, was his poll last week in the Shadow Cabinet elections. To have been restored from ninth place to top in the estimation of his colleagues has provided something of a position of strength – which in itself makes the taking of risks look somewhat less dangerous. Then, of course, there is the attraction of not being permanently identified as a one-subject man – Mr Wilson was in the cabinet as President of the Board of Trade in 1947, and he has never really got away from economic and financial subjects in the 14 years since then. That, too, one imagines, must necessarily bring with it a certain weariness of the spirit, especially as far as making speeches is concerned.

And yet it would be foolish to underestimate the risk which Mr Wilson may be taking. For one thing, he would have no opponent of equal stature on the government side of the House; ever since Lord Home's appointment to the Foreign Secretaryship last year it has been the fate of any Labour shadow spokesman on foreign affairs to box mainly with understudies. And in any early performances Mr Wilson would, of course, have to stand comparison with the fairly formidable expert reputation built up by Mr Denis Healey in the past few years; the recompense for that, however, may well be that any new Shadow Chancellor faces the prospect of having to stand an even more unenviable comparison – that with Mr Wilson himself.

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Some very strange things seem to be going on in the Liberal Party. No sooner has Mr Grimond made one sort of speech on Lib-Lab relations in Oxford than he goes and makes one in exactly the opposite sense in the Shetland Isles. Leaving, incidentally, an apparently unalerted Mr Mark Bonham-Carter pedalling furiously one week behind the times in Manchester.

For the moment it looks as if we are to have alternate blasts of hot and cold air on any idea of what the Liberals always tactfully call 'a re-alignment of the Left'. One does not object to that – it may even have the effect of keeping Mr Woodrow Wyatt (to whom this week's reward for recklessness) permanently on his toes. But where perhaps it is permissible to draw the line is over having Mr Donald Wade (the Liberal 'toy-town' chief whip) lecturing the Labour Party on the terms the Liberal Party would require before forming any pacts. Mr Wade may have forgotten; but in 1950, 1951, 1955 and 1959 he was elected to parliament on a pact – with the Conservatives.

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NEXT WEEK

Christmas Books II

A. J. P. TAYLOR *on Chamberlain*;
MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE *on the English Gentleman*; R. H. S. CROSSMAN; RICHARD HOGGART; MICHAEL TIPPETT

Smart-Set Socialists

DORIS LESSING

TOPOLSKI *in the Congo*

Comments on the Week's News

Wages

Stricken with Palsy

Who was responsible for the pay pause fiasco? Mr Lloyd, naturally anxious to avoid yet another confession of a 'mistake', would like it to be thought that the culprit was Mr Wood, Minister of Power, who permitted the Electricity Council to capitulate in face of a threatened strike. Mr Macmillan seems willing to apportion the blame between the chairman of the Council, Sir Robertson King, Mr Wood and the Chancellor. And in due course, no doubt, we shall be told that it was Mr Cousins or the ETU that wrecked the government's plans for saving the economy.

For, despite Mr Macmillan's insistence that the pay pause goes on, at least until April, there is now no doubt that the line has been broken and that the most that can now be done is to impose a little more delay on the many outstanding claims – notably the engineers, the railwaymen and the miners – which will be pressed all the harder now the Electricity Council has given way. It is equally certain that little has been achieved by Mr Lloyd's ill-conceived scheme – except a display of irresolution and incompetence on the part of the government, and the creation of a good deal of ill-will among the unions. It is ludicrous for the Chancellor to talk of 'democratic planning' – which assumes the acceptance of some kind of wages policy by the trade unions – after his policy has collapsed in aggravating ineptitude.

The truth of the matter is that when sterling ran into difficulties this year, the Chancellor panicked. Public investment was trimmed, new taxes imposed and the Bank rate was raised. Each of these remedies, tried so often before, merely made this country's competitive position even worse. So, in desperation, the government produced the gimmick of non-Socialist planning, and the pay-pause was presented as an interim instalment.

If there had been a genuine attempt to enlist the support of the trade unions – which would have required a limitation on profits and a capital gains tax, as well as guarantees that labour would get its due share of rising productivity – it would still have been difficult but not impossible to get some form of wage restraint. But Mr Lloyd gave no such guarantee. He merely talked airily about future 'expansion' and omitted any reference to a capital gains tax from the Queen's Speech. At the same time, he set about wrecking the established machinery of collective bargaining.

This, too, could have made some kind of sense if the government had really been prepared to force the showdown with the unions that the Tories have talked about on and off for ten years – and the tough line taken with the teachers suggested that this might at last be on the agenda. For a British 'economic miracle' can conceivably be engineered if real wages are reduced, either by weakening the unions in a carefully-planned pitched battle or by devaluation, or both. Indeed, a reduction of real wages by one means or another seems an essential condition of Britain's entry into the Common Market.

But that remedy has been funked too. The collapse of Mr Lloyd's schemes emphasises the timidity and incapacity of those who now so patronisingly talk of 'planning'. They seem incapable even of thinking clearly through one short-term situation, let alone of devising a systematic solution to Britain's endemic economic crisis. Mr Lloyd is back to living from hand-to-mouth – and the hand seems stricken with palsy.

Railways

Nobbling the Iron Horse

Can – or should – British railways be made to pay? The government has at last frankly recognised the need to subsidise the railways – at any rate for some time yet. By writing off large chunks of the Transport Commission's accumulated debts – or putting them in a suspense account – it has launched the new Railways Board with a considerably lightened burden of interest. None the less the railways will still have to carry interest charges of £65 million annually, as well as writing off an operating deficit of £80 million. Can it be done?

The new arrangements, Mr Marples admitted, provide only a breathing space. The Bill gives him power to provide subsidies on revenue account of up to £450 million a year for the next five years, at the end of which, he suggested, there would have to be a 'full review'. In the meantime Dr Beeching is hurrying through a series of studies to show what traffics the railways are best suited to carry – 'and carry profitably'. It is on the basis of this survey, due to be completed in a year's time, that the railways' targets of financial performance will be set by the minister. Dr Beeching, however, is losing no time in shedding unprofitable loads. He is already carrying through savage cuts in railway services. Significantly, the Bill no longer lays an obligation on British railways to run an 'adequate' system of public transport, and the powers of the transport users' consultative committee to protest against closures are to be reduced.

In attacking the Bill, therefore, the opposition took their stand on the view expressed unanimously by the all-party Select Committee on Nationalised Industries that social considerations cannot be overlooked in deciding transport policy. What the Committee argued – and rightly – was that the responsibility for deciding whether and at what points railway services should be subsidised should fall on parliament instead of being concealed in overall operating losses. As Mr Albu, a Labour member of the Committee put it: 'I do not like a system whereby my constituents subsidise another member's con-

stituents unless I know what I am doing and am able to debate it in the House and vote on it.'

But, as the opposition also pointed out, whether the railways can be made to pay depends on government policy in other sections of the transport field. And the new Bill sets its face against any coherent planning of transport. Fortunately, the government has been forced by the facts to abandon its doctrinaire pursuit of regional decentralisation inside the railways. The regional boards to be set up are nothing but a paper gesture. But over nationalised transport as a whole the government still doggedly pursues its ideological goal (openly admitted by the minister) of 'dismantling the machinery for integration' visualised in Labour's Transport Act of 1947.

Demonstrations

Anti-Nuclear Tactics

The debate on the tactics of anti-nuclear demonstrations has been given a new turn this week by the Committee of 100's appeal for synchronised sit-downs at eight separate bases on 9 December. This time, to maximise the strain on police facilities, the sit-downers are asked to ensure that they are detained for summary treatment, rather that bailed or fined. No doubt the Committee has sufficient support to get some hundreds of demonstrators to at least two or three of the nominated bases – and thereby to get the usual press and TV coverage. But its present tactics seem to be aimed as much at winning control of the anti-nuclear movement as at putting pressure on the British and American authorities. It claims that it is at least taking action while the CND confines itself to public meetings and routine propaganda, and to that extent it is able to recruit many of the younger CND militants and exercise an indirect influence over the CND movement as a whole.

So far, there has not been a direct challenge to CND, though the poor personal relations between Lord Russell and Canon Collins have led to private acrimony and some public disagreement between the two groups. But, behind the scenes, there has been a tussle of wills and intentions, focused especially on the plans for the next Aldermaston March. It is no secret that some of the Committee of 100 would like to turn the last stages of the march into a mass sit-down; if this meant that the whole march was banned by the police, this would give them both a good rallying cry and an opportunity for mass civil disobedience. It would, however, mean the effective end of the CND as at present organised and led – which is what some of the militants seem to want.

The difficulty is that the CND leadership appeared to be confounded by the reversal of the Scarborough vote in the Labour Party, and that many of its supporters – understandably feeling the urgency of the Berlin crisis – believe that new methods are needed if the movement is to gain momentum again. But, on the other hand, they have considerable doubts about both the efficacy and the potential wisdom of militant action. Though the Committee of 100 is getting the publicity, it is very doubtful whether it is getting publicity for any reasoned anti-nuclear argument or whether it is winning additional support for the movement as a whole. It may, like all extremist factions, be picking up support within the anti-nuclear movement by means which inevitably damages the movement's appeal to the public as a whole.

Moscow

Church and State

Our Moscow Correspondent writes: It is not only the presence of an important delegation from the Russian Orthodox Church at the Assembly of the World Council of Churches in New Delhi that is significant; the composition of the 16-strong delegation has some remarkable features. In the first place it is headed by Nikodim, the 32-year-old Archbishop of Yaroslav and Rostov, who has replaced ex-Metropolitan Nikolai as the dominant personality in the Russian church's foreign relations. Nikodim, who benefited from a recent change in the method of election to the Holy Synod to become by far its youngest member, has with the full support of the aged Patriarch and, naturally, of the state committee for religious affairs, brought the Russian Orthodox Church into closer relationship with the oecumenical movement. His predecessor Nikolai, now in honourable retirement, was much more interested in reinforcing the unity of his own church into whose fold he brought so many new dioceses after the war. Secondly, the composition of the delegation as a whole is young. It is as though the patriarchate was deliberately using the opportunity of the great assembly in New Delhi to demonstrate to fellow-Christians that the Russian church was now being served by young, intelligent bishops of modern outlook and that it possessed a vigour that many abroad might not have suspected.

The question of the future of religion in the Soviet Union has arisen more acutely in the ideological field as more thought is being given by Communists to the nature of the society they are pledged to build. Under the new party rules a Communist has the duty to combat religious prejudices, but the new moral code of the builder of Communism does not specifically list militant atheism as an essential principle. On the other hand the new party programme includes the 'use of ideological media to educate people in the spirit of a scientific materialist world conception and to overcome religious prejudices without insulting the sentiments of believers. It is necessary to explain patiently the untenability of religious beliefs. . . This can be done by making use of the achievements of modern science, leaving no room for religious inventions about supernatural forces.'

The local outbreaks of anti-religious excesses, including the forcible closing of some churches, which took place earlier this year did not take the church authorities by surprise. A certain amount of 'leftism' by local authorities is a traditional feature of pre-congress months. The closing of churches had a parallel in the confiscation of *dachas*, of privately-owned cattle or in the haste with which some party members sold their cars during the summer. As things turned out, none of the rumours of extreme measures proved to have been well-founded. As it is in the interests neither of the state nor the church to force believers into clandestine sectarian practices, steps are now being taken to repair the consequences of local excesses. It is significant that during the recent party congress public order squads co-operated with the church authorities in Moscow to prevent outbreaks of hooliganism during church services. Nothing has happened to change the opinion of the church leaders here that their future is menaced not by administrative repressions but by the rising standards of a materialist education, by urbanisation (here complicated by the fact that no churches are being built in new residential areas) and by the secularisation of life. Because these are problems that are arising in one form or another in non-Communist societies, the Russian Orthodox Church is turning to the oecumenical movement in order to exchange experiences.

Prix Goncourt

Bull's-Eye

Our Paris Correspondent writes: After the ludicrous upset last year, when the Prix Goncourt prize awarded to Vincent Horia had to be annulled (he was discovered to be an ex-collaborator), the Goncourt committee took immense care to make no mistake this time. We can take it for granted that they read not only the books but the *curricula vitae* of the candidates. They finally opted for *La Pitié de Dieu* by Jean Cau, a writer better known for his journalism than his novels. This time, nobody has challenged either the literary talent or the political past of the author. But for the first time, France's greatest literary award went to somebody who was unable to be present at the traditional *vin d'honneur*: for Cau was away on a story for the weekly magazine *L'Express*.

For some years Cau was secretary to Jean-Paul Sartre. His work not only involved protecting his boss from endless unwelcome visitors – which inevitably made him unpopular in Paris intellectual circles – but also in taking part in the famous literary discussions at 42 rue Bonaparte. From this time dates his passionate concern with literary philosophy and the ambition to follow in the master's footsteps. But his early novels, alas, went almost unregarded and he eventually surprised his friends by joining *L'Express* as a reporter.

From the start, Cau was an astonishing success as a journalist. He wrote about everything, from Ava Gardner to his recent, and sensational, story of the Arab *bidonville* at Nanterre. His articles are regarded as remarkable even by those who do not share his politics. His style is sometimes violent (*L'Express* is often threatened by writs in consequence), but it has a rare element of convincing objectivity. Some of his articles have become journalistic classics and – perhaps more important – have been followed by action.

Paradoxically, however, *La Pitié de Dieu* is very far from being a piece of brilliant journalism. It harks back to his days with Sartre and has been widely compared to *Huis Clos*. The setting is a timeless, unlocated prison where four 'lifers' presumably murderers, meditate on their past and swop experiences. The reader is not told whether they were guilty; their 'confessions' are pretexts for reflections on the human condition in the Sixties. There are echoes of Kafka but the characters are distinctly Sartrian.

Cau's novel was recognised as unique from the day it appeared. From the *Figaro Littéraire* to *Libération* the critics have been unanimous in praising it – with one exception. Bernard Frank, also an ex-colleague of Sartre, criticised it in *France-Observateur* as a rehash of the literary devices of the Forties. Cau's prison, he wrote, bears a strong re-

semblance to the bar of the Vieux Colombier in the good old post-liberation days. I don't agree: the mood of the book is essentially 1961 rather than 1944. What is more, for once the Prix Goncourt has gone to a young writer with a future, and not an established figure like Simone de Beauvoir or Elsa Triollet.

Communist Trade

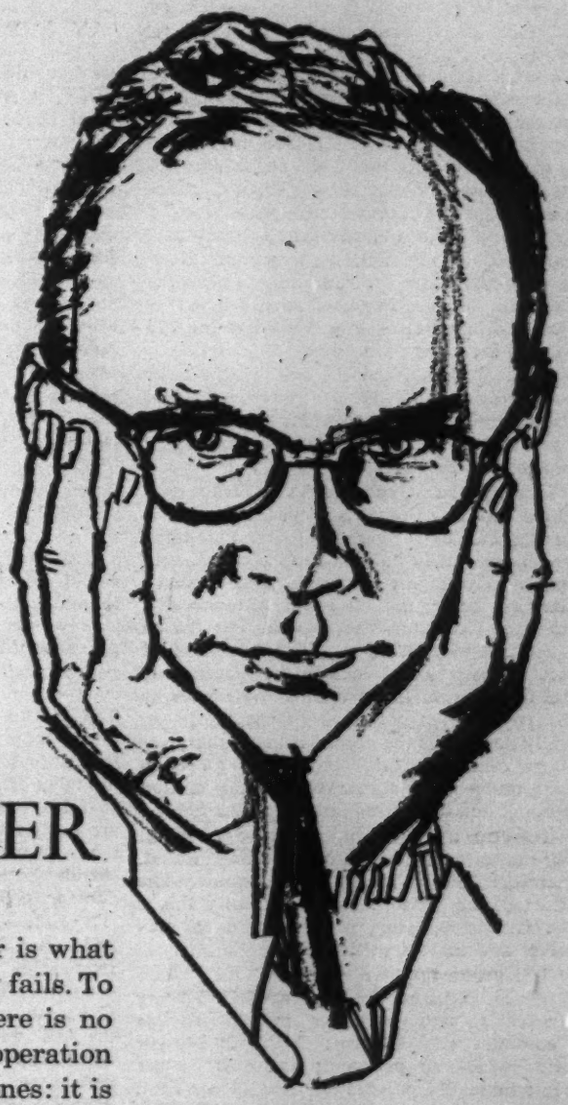
The Chinese Market

A Special Correspondent writes: The disagreement between the Soviet Union and China raises the question whether the Comecon countries, under Russian guidance, will decide to cut down their trade with China. Since the dispute first started, the Soviet Union has resorted to various types of economic pressure in order to 'persuade' China not to oppose de-Stalinisation.

In recent years not only political but also economic competition has developed between the Soviet Union and China. It is true that China received Soviet aid amounting to about $1,600 million in the period 1950-1960, but during the same period China itself gave almost $1,300 million of aid to most of the countries, both Communist and uncommitted, that were recipients of Soviet aid. Apart from this, China has other ways of achieving economic penetration at the expense of Soviet influence. For example, China has cornered the whole of Ceylon's rubber output, and is an important purchaser of Egyptian cotton. Chinese economic penetration into Albania (where, politics apart, Russia was interested in nickel) is an accomplished fact. In spite of Moscow's disapproval, Poland has developed a very high level of trade with China, and commercial connections between the two countries are close. Bulgaria and Rumania are still committed to long-term deliveries of mining, oil-drilling and other heavy industrial equipment to China. And China has succeeded in obtaining deliveries of specialised machine tools from East Germany and Czechoslovakia, though the Russians themselves would like to take up any export surplus in these lines. Thus Russia and China are often rivals in the same markets.

Soviet trade with China, which had shown a steady growth since the early Fifties, declined in 1960 by one fifth, compared with 1959. This trend has continued in 1961. The bulk of Russian trade with China is made up of heavy equipment, machinery, steel products and fuels, while China supplies livestock products, metals, ore and textile raw materials. If the Russians cut their imports of these primary products, it would create difficulties for China, but the Chinese can always find outlets for their strategic ores and metals. They can, moreover, count on the fact that it would be more painful for the other countries of the Soviet Bloc to follow the Russian example. Their trade, totalling $750m, is important, for they need raw materials more badly than Russia, and their most important exports are often capital goods and other manufactures - which China needs. So they have found a very useful two-way trade with China. On the other hand, China is not so dependent on them; there are often people - even in the West - who will buy oil seeds, cotton, wool, ores and metals, especially tin, wolfram, antimone and tungsten, and supply capital equipment and industrial products. But any break in the trade with the Soviet Union would require time for readjustment by China and possibly credits from the West.

LIVELY MINDS WRITE THE GUARDIAN...



BIG GAME HUNTER

To Leonard Beaton, war is what happens when diplomacy fails. To his way of thinking, there is no such thing as a military operation pure of political undertones: it is all part of a bigger game, the world's game. Which explains why, when Beaton joined The Guardian as Defence Correspondent, he insisted on doubling the role with that of understudying the diplomatic field.

Leonard Beaton's knowledge is immense – he has been known to set the Defence Minister gently right on questions of fact – but he looks beyond the immediate moves in the game to take the larger view. He is creative because he is far-sighted, and through his telescopic sights Guardian readers share a glimpse of the ultimate issues behind the day-to-day bluff and counter-bluff, note and counter-note.

And at the same time his is a balanced view. Leonard Beaton's readers are neither startled into false panic nor lulled into the complacent belief that ours is the safest of all possible worlds. Rather, they are invited to appraise the situation as it really is.

LIVELY MINDS LIKE

THE GUARDIAN

The Common Market Mirage

DOUGLAS JAY MP

What is the real issue at stake for the UK in the debate on the Common Market? It is not the possible removal of restrictions on imported manufactures, or free movement of manpower into the UK. These are not crucial. The real issue springs from the fact that continental Europe still sticks to the agricultural protectionism of the 19th century, and so does not import 'temperate zone' farm products freely from outside Europe; while the UK has imported such products – food and materials – largely tax-free for 100 years. That is why our standard of living is still higher than Europe's, and why a tariff wall covering food and materials is a natural (though not liberal) policy for France, Germany and Italy, but one that would be highly injurious to the UK.

This must be so, because the UK takes over 40 per cent of its imports from the Commonwealth, including most of its food imports, which are nearly half its food consumption. Only a minute part of our essential foods or materials come, or can come, economically, from the Common Market area. The reason is not one of political mystique, but the hard fact that the world outside the Six, mainly the Commonwealth, produces more cheaply for physical reasons most of the things we really need. It is therefore fortunate that over 40 per cent of the UK's exports also go to the Commonwealth (a market of 650 million people), and barely 15 per cent to the Six.

To clap a European protective tariff on our imports of foods and materials would, therefore, disrupt the UK's economy. The effort of the Six to push us into doing this is the issue now being disputed between ourselves and the Six in Brussels.

The following is the Six's Common External Tariff on food, which we are being pressed to apply to our present tax-free Commonwealth supplies: Meat 20-24 per cent; wheat 20 per cent; bacon 20-25 per cent; butter 24 per cent; cheese 23 per cent; tea 11 per cent; sugar 80 per cent. The Six may also adopt an even more vicious system of 'import levies' to maintain food at high 'target prices' regardless of world supplies.

On raw materials, the Common External Tariff of the Six is zero in some cases. But on all the following and many others (which now enter the UK tax-free) the Six will impose a duty: aluminium, lead, zinc, tungsten, molybdenum and other metals, vegetable fats and oils, sulphur and other chemicals, wood pulp, paper products, all tropical and some coniferous wood, and some forms of wool.

If, therefore, the UK were forced to accept the External Tariff of the Six as it now stands, we should be taking the biggest step backwards towards protectionism for 100 years. We should be placing new tariffs (against nearly the whole world) on trade worth many times the value of that from which we should be removing them (in favour of a small area). Secondly, acceptance of these high taxes on food and materials would be the biggest shift towards indirect taxation in this country, and away from direct taxation, for generations. For the new food taxes would replace subsidies partly financed by direct taxation. Because this would raise the price of food it would of course hit much harder the old people, and low-paid wage earners with large families. Since it would thus force the burden of taxes back on to the poorest, it is not surprising that the Tories favour it. They have hankered after such a course ever since 1846.

But rises of this order in taxes on food and materials would also be a massive blow to the already tottering competitive power of this country. It would force on us a general rise in food prices and living costs. Wage rates would doubtless rise to compensate partly for the higher prices. Therefore labour costs would go up, and real wages down at the same time. This, together with higher material prices, must force up costs throughout British industry, and so raise the price of our exports. This is of course why France and Germany are so anxious to force it on us.

Some argue that the price of food does not matter so much nowadays. They forget that one-third of the British public's spending is still on food. PEP, in a recent pamphlet, purported to show that the rise in food prices would be small. This pamphlet unhappily forgot, first, that, as distributive margins are mainly percentages, the rise in import prices would be aggravated all down the line; and, secondly, that the Six's food taxes (and even more the 'import levies') would not mean just a once for-all rise in living costs, but the long-term divorce of British living standards from world supplies of food, and the tying of them henceforth to the high costs of European farming. As world food prices are likely to fall over the next ten years relatively to manufactures, this would mean not merely permanent, but steadily increasing, damage to the UK.

Therefore, the Six's External Tariff on food and materials is not just a threat to the Commonwealth. It is far more a threat to the economic future of the UK. But it is also, of course, a threat to the Commonwealth. If the UK were really to clap high taxes on non-European wheat, meat, butter, sugar, tea, metals, etc. (or limit their amounts), serious damage would be done not merely to Canada, Australia and New Zealand, but also to India, Pakistan, Ceylon, Central Africa and the West Indies. Such a return to protection by the UK would thus be a grievous setback to the whole cause of aid to under-developed nations. Trade is far the best form of aid. It is far better to buy Ceylon's tea freely, than refuse to buy and pay her a subsidy.

What arguments have been advanced to suggest that the UK might reap countervailing advantages from signing the Rome Treaty? Really only three. First is the idea that the Six can offer us a 'great expanding market'. Figures now show that this has been vastly exaggerated, due to failure to realise that our exports to the Six are rising fast anyway, regardless of whether we sign the Treaty and enjoy tariff cuts or not. Tariffs normally make food dearer, but do not stop trade altogether.

What has to be measured is the extra exports the UK can expect from tariff cuts within the Common Market as a result of signing the Treaty. Since early 1959 (when the Six's tariff cuts began), the UK's exports to the Six have been rising at an average rate of about 15 per cent a year (now more). The exports of the Six to one another have been rising at a rate of 20-25 per cent a year. Therefore, on the test of experience, the extra exports likely to be gained by signing the Treaty are only – at a generous estimate – about 10 per cent a year of our present exports to the Six. That is just 1.5 per cent a year of total UK exports!

But against this has to be set the loss of the EFTA preference which we would suffer if the two groups merged, which must equal at least half the 1.5 per cent; the loss of some Commonwealth preference; and the general loss of exports due to higher food and material prices, if we did not retain full free entry of food and materials. The gain of exports to be secured by signing the Rome Treaty is thus, on the evidence, likely to be negligible or actually negative. The idea that the UK must either sign the Rome Treaty, or be 'excluded from Europe' is moonshine.

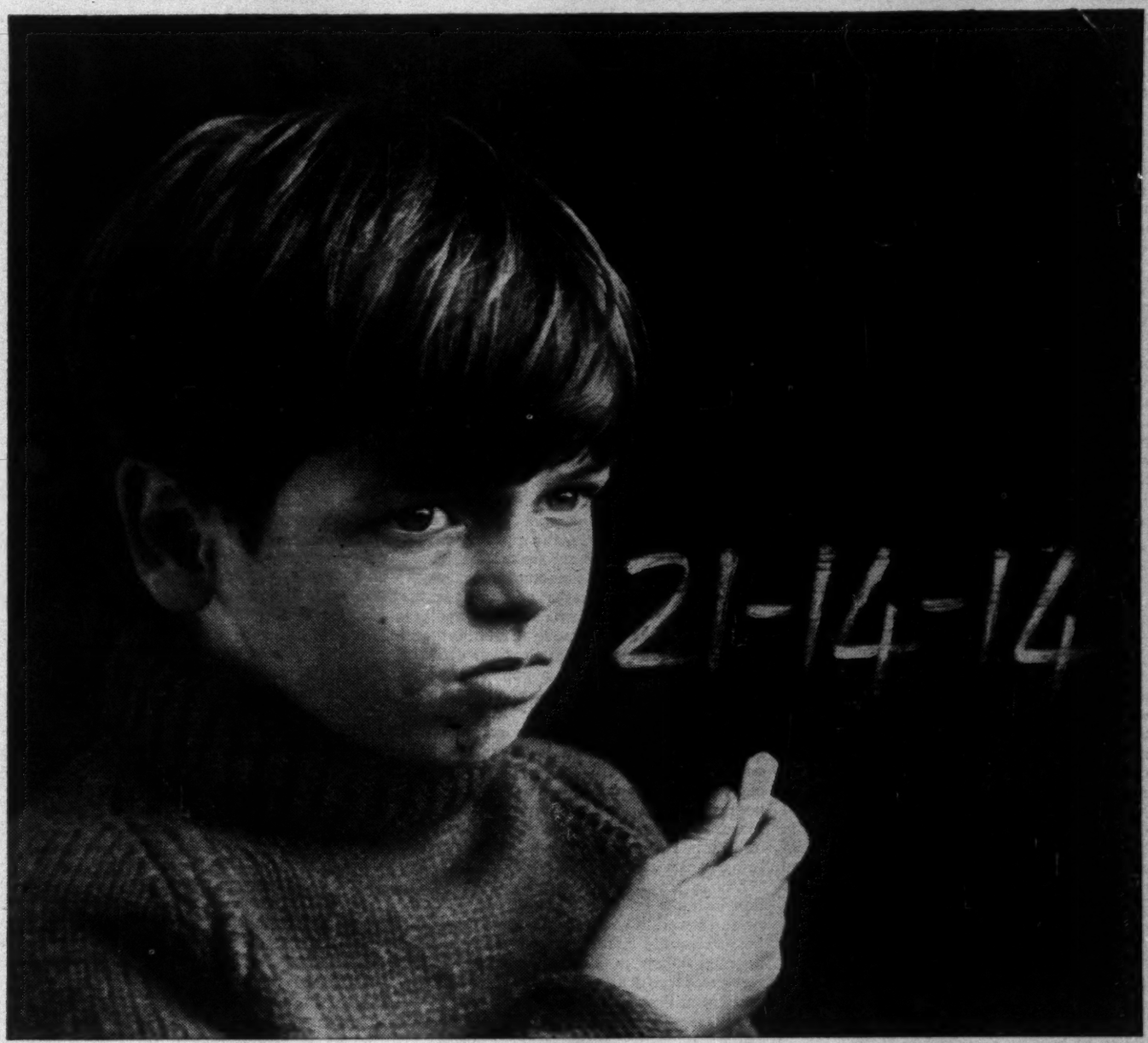
Some reply to this that the main rise in trade within the Six due to the tariff cuts is still to come. They should study France's Four Year Plan for 1962-65, which shows no rise in those years in France's foreign trade as a percentage of her national income. M. Massé, France's chief planner, says that this is because she has secured the benefits of the Common Market already!

Secondly we are told that 'dynamic' growth in the Six will somehow infect us if we sign the Rome Treaty. But the evidence shows conclusively that the Common Market has had virtually nothing to do with the growth in Germany, Italy and France in the 1950s.

Production in Germany, Italy and France rose rapidly from 1952 to 1960. But the Treaty became effective in January 1959. And in the 1950's, Belgium (one of the Six) grew more slowly than even the UK; and Japan (not to mention Russia) much faster than Germany. Austria (one of the Eight, not the Six) grew in these years at almost exactly the rate of Germany and Italy and faster than France. More striking still, in 1961, after the Rome Treaty became effective, the rise in production in Germany has almost stopped, and in France and Italy has slowed down. In reply to these cold facts we are told rather mystically that it was not the actual tariff cuts which inspired the 'dynamism', but the previous prospect of them which stimulated investment. Unhappily for this plea, investment in the Six between 1958 and 1960 rose by 18 per cent and in other OEEC countries by rather over 17 per cent. If that is not conclusive, the figures also show that the more rapid increase of trade within the Six than within EFTA was as marked in 1953-58 as in 1958-60.

The truth is, of course, that the spurt in Germany, France, Italy, Austria and Japan from 1952-60 was the belated recovery from the war, helped by US aid, of the devastated countries, which had not shared in the quick recovery of the victorious ones, US, UK and Canada. It is now slowing down. Yet we are being asked to make great national sacrifices for a reason which will be seen a few years hence to have been a temporary statistical illusion.

Thirdly, we are told that if we join the Six, a bracing cold wind of competition will miraculously make British industry efficient. If this is true, we had much better abolish all tariffs unilaterally, or, better, through GATT. Certainly competition and tariff cuts are needed. But what they will do of themselves is to expose inefficiency, not create efficiency. Mr Maudling abolished import quotas in 1958-59; and this has caused the last three years of payments deficit. In 1925, the pound was deliberately overvalued, causing exactly the same foreign competition as tariff cuts would provoke. The result was six years of



Could it be a formula?

This is the kind of quiz problem more suited to a farmer than to young Tommy, who prefers football anyway. In fact, the perplexing numbers represent the ratio of nitrogen, phosphate and potash in the new compound fertiliser Shell No. 2. In farm economics Shell No. 2 is important because it enables costs to be cut still more: its high concentration reduces handling in the field and saves precious storage space; the carefully balanced plant-food ratio means attractively low rates of application. Shell No. 2 is ideal for spring-sown cereals, with all the necessary nutrients going into the seedbed, and no extra top-dressings required. In addition to fertilisers, Shell produce a wide range of weed killers, insecticides, seed dressings and other chemicals for more efficient farming. For further information write to . . . the Information Officer, Agricultural Division, Shell Chemical Company Limited, 170 Piccadilly, London W.1

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depression and unemployment, ending in a payment crisis, which Keynes said should be cured by a 10 per cent tariff. We also have one totally unprotected industry today – shipbuilding. Is it a shining example of efficiency and success?

The Rome Treaty would impose on us one other major economic handicap – free movement of capital by British residents out of this country. This could not be stopped, even in a crisis, without the consent of the bureaucrats in Brussels. In those circumstances, could any British government pursue expansion without devaluation?

For all these reasons the really liberal path for the advanced countries today is not that of narrow European protectionism, but something along the lines of the new Herter-Clayton plan by which all western industrial countries would open their doors to the primary products of the undeveloped ones, and in which the United States as well as the Commonwealth would share. If the UK government would urge this within OECD, our economic policy would be on the road back to sanity.

The Kennedy Dilemma

KINGSLEY MARTIN

'It would be a great help to us in England', writes a correspondent, 'if you would tell us whether the Kennedy administration is liberal *in intent*. That is, whether it wants to make large social changes but is frustrated by events, or is it really a conservative government, with patches of liberalism sewn on by Madison Avenue to win votes?' Neither, I think, is a fair appreciation. The President, in English terms, is a Tory democrat. He instinctively upholds traditional America and the capitalist system, but he is also a man of genuine compassion who believes that to maintain capitalism the needs of common people must be met. I do not suggest that this is a cynical calculation. No one doubts that Kennedy's shocked reaction to the poverty and unemployment he saw in West Virginia during his election campaign was sincere. When he became President he at once saw to it that relief was doubled in this impoverished mining area and that new industries were encouraged to help the unemployed.

Since he took office Kennedy has carried through a number of welfare measures which had been neglected or vetoed by Eisenhower (notably a housing reform), but he has so far failed to persuade Congress, in which he only commands an uncertain majority, to enact important Bills to improve American education and give better insurance to the sick and aged. He has unfortunately reduced his room for manoeuvre in the future by showing excessive sensitivity to the charge of unsound finance. When asking for more money for arms he rashly promised to balance next year's budget – which means he will get all the arms he wants, but will find great difficulty in persuading Congress to pay for social reforms. His record on civil liberties is excellent, and if it is said that it is good politics to send the Attorney General post-haste to inquire into cases of violence in the anti-segregation struggle, I add that it is also good morality.

Kennedy is known to have been much influenced by Richard Neustadt's *Presidential Power*. Its analysis certainly confirmed his inclination to take Franklin Roosevelt as his model. Like Roosevelt he appointed men of broad understanding to advise him. They were not a Brains Trust in the sense that we wrongly imagined Roosevelt's team to be in 1932. They do not share a common outlook and policy. They include Professor Arthur Schlesinger Jr, the brilliant historian of the Roosevelt regime who analysed Roosevelt's technique of decision with so much insight, and General Maxwell Taylor – possibly the best appointment that Kennedy has made – who advises him on military affairs. Unlike Eisenhower, who regarded his advisers as a staff reporting to the commander-in-chief, with the result that decisions were increasingly left to subordinates, Kennedy, like Roosevelt, surrounds himself with conflicting personalities who have opposing views, and makes his own decisions by his estimate of political possibilities.

For this reason Ted Sorenson, who writes many of the President's speeches and who is reputed usually to be the last person to see the President before decisions are made, is probably the most influential of the White House team. The close friendship between Kennedy and Sorenson is the more significant in that Sorenson alone among the President's advisers springs from non-conforming stock. He comes from Nebraska and inherits the traditions of Senator Norris and the Populists. He was brought up among Unitarians and Quakers and he was a conscientious objector to the draft in 1948 – a point on which opponents have been unwise enough to seize for propaganda purposes.

Another close adviser is McGeorge Bundy, an able representative of New England conservatism. Among others who work day and night in the White House I was particularly impressed by Jerome Wiesner, the President's scientific adviser, and by Walter Heller, both of whom, I should guess, can be classified as being somewhere to the left of centre. Walt Whitman Rostow, who has a liberal reputation in home politics, has apparently become obsessed with the notion that Communism can be successfully countered by training GIs to instruct Asians in guerrilla warfare. In the Cabinet, Dean Rusk, Secretary of State, is an efficient technician, who makes no pretence of playing the policy-making role of Foster Dulles. If he has strong personal convictions he has kept the secret to himself. George Ball is an outstanding figure who will play an increasingly important part in American economic policy. Robert McNamara – Secretary for Defence – is a formidable 'organisation man', who, perhaps more than any other member of the group, presents the image – to use the cant phrase of our times – of cold, intellectual realism which seems deliberately adopted by the Administration as a contrast to the fluffy Father Christmas image presented by Eisenhower.

More is expected of an American President than of any other human being and no previous President has needed more stamina and so clear a head. He has to deal, as he himself complains, simultaneously with a multitude of overlapping and dangerous crises. An evil inheritance awaited him when he came to power. He made a colossal blunder in Cuba, which must at least have taught him to distrust technical assurances and to liquidate wholly – and not to compromise with – military programmes left over from the Eisenhower regime. The invasion has vitiated his enlightened schemes for good neighbourliness in South America.

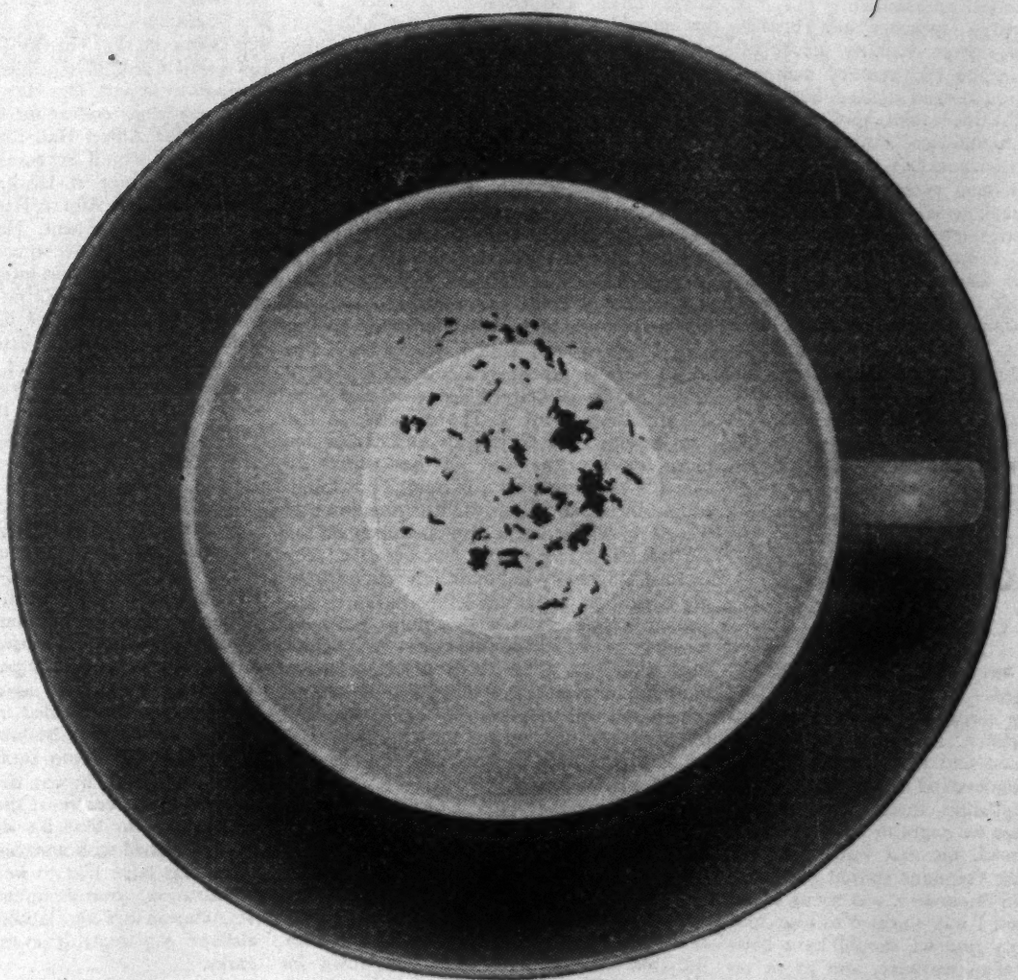
A distinguished American liberal remarked to me that he still had an open mind about the President; his estimate will depend on whether he can atone for the Cuban disaster. Kennedy seems unable to modify America's blind policy in China; on this issue the US public is far more prejudiced than about the Soviet Union – with which it is not impossible to imagine an acceptable settlement. In the case of Germany, unhappily the shadow of Dean Acheson still haunts the State Department and we await with anxiety the outcome of this week's talks with Adenauer. Sometimes it seems that policies are announced without adequate thought; the confusion about shelter policy is a matter of common complaint and the promise to produce a full government plan has not been fulfilled, presumably because no such plan is feasible. It may well be that the President reads too many newspapers and has too many advisers within his family circle. He seems too anxious to placate his opponents, sometimes placing them in positions where they can bedevil policies he has announced.

Every member of the Administration agrees about the urgent need of persuading the American public to understand the new facts of the nuclear age. They all add that no one can carry out the necessary educational campaign except the President himself, and that he is himself always growing and learning. He is certainly that rare leader – one who listens to suggestions and respects sincere criticism. One of those best in a position to judge tells me that in his view the American mind is now so fluid that the President can carry the public in any direction he chooses. Certainly he made a fine start in his speech last week in Seattle when he said: 'We must face the fact that the US is neither omnipotent nor omniscient, that we cannot always impose our will on the other 90 per cent of mankind, that we cannot right every wrong or reverse every adversity, and that therefore there cannot be an American solution for every world problem.'

That was indeed a step forward; it is only a few months ago that I was asked in Washington whether I thought the Soviet leaders were sufficiently realistic and sophisticated to understand that any settlement with Russia must be presented as an American victory. If the President can carry the public along so far as to realise that world politics mean compromise and are too dangerous for war, that will be a great achievement – and one that will incidentally involve the defeat of his virulent right-wing opponents.

The President's problem does not end there. Its nature oddly enough was pointed out by General Eisenhower in what was probably the best speech he ever made. Retiring after eight years of undisputed power, Eisenhower described, as if by an afterthought, the perilous position into which he had allowed American democracy to drift. He warned Americans 'against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, sought or unsought, by the military-industrial complex', and he added that once America had got into its clutches, it would indeed be 'a very difficult thing to get out of'.

To analyse the local and political effect of spending nearly $50 billion a year on arms (59 per cent of the budget) would take me too far afield – to show, for instance, its effect on Congressmen who are flooded with demands that their constituents should get larger pickings from this incredibly rich pork barrel, and its impact on the universities, on the press and radio and on intellectuals, who



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often become affluent if they do not offend the great corporations which spend millions on advertising and military research. It is enough to say that the Administration is alive to those dangers and that to meet them will call for all the qualities that the most ardent hero worshipper of the President can claim for him. Kennedy's theme song is courage: his book, *Profiles in Courage*, analysed a number of cases in which American politicians had risked their political future by running counter to public sentiment and telling the truth when it was least agreeable to do so. Kennedy has thus made himself a target and set himself an example.

So far Kennedy's speeches and broadcasts have usually been striking pieces of rhetoric rather in the 18th-century manner. They are epigrammatic and stylised, but written to be read rather than spoken. They lack the warm, human and intimate quality which made Americans feel that Roosevelt was speaking to them personally. To adjust one's style of speaking is difficult; to change a cold for a warm temperament is perhaps impossible. But I am sure that the most important of all Kennedy's problems is to make the mass of the American people feel that he really intends all the fine things that he talked about in his election campaign; that peace can only come if they give him their personal support when he seeks it, and that their individual happiness depends, not on the second and third car, but perhaps on achieving a simpler life which will be shared by less lucky people all over the world.

London Diary

CHARON

For one who has a phobia – not, as I think, utterly unfounded – of armed Germans, any attempt to keep Germany disunited has my enthusiastic support. The more walls they build between East and West the safer I feel. What I cannot understand is why there should be all this indignation, these idiotic suggestions that perhaps we ought to have sent bulldozers in to knock the first wall down the moment the East Germans started putting it up. Dimbleby, in *Panorama*, was trying it out on Trevor-Roper. I was alarmed to hear him react that at any rate we should have been more vigorous than we were, and to go on to agitate for the reunion of Germany as soon as possible. I thought everybody – except, possibly, a few professional historians – knew by now that more than half the troubles and tragedies of Europe in this century, including the aberrant behaviour of the Germans themselves, stems from their forced and unnatural unification under Bismarck. Is the prospect of a second unification under Krupps – who, as Herr Heuss reminded us at the firm's 150th Anniversary celebrations this week, have always made arms 'objectively' – any less alarming?

* * *

It only needed Randolph Churchill to lend the full weight of his support to the American shelter craze. He even cited the parable of the wise virgins – waiting, I suppose, for their 100-megaton bridegroom. The next morning I got a letter from a lady in California, attacking the 'crass commercialism that has been spawned by the threat of nuclear war' but adding that the whole Civil Defence programme was so patently contradictory and ridiculous that 'only the very gullible and the idiot fringe were taking it seriously'. She enclosed a powerfully worded leaflet by Senator Stephen M. Young, *Civil Defence: Billion Dollar Boondoggle*. Meanwhile, apropos the deep shelter de luxe, I'm reminded of the sad fate of Lord Stamp. Just before the Second World War, Lord Stamp, with that prevision which rarely distinguishes economists, ordered for himself at his London house a super-shelter. It was deeper than any bomb could possibly penetrate at that time and decorated, to his own taste, in a style something like the interior of the old Café Royal. Deep, and bomb-proof indeed, was this provident banker's hideaway. Alas, it wasn't proof against the waters of a flooding sewer that had been punctured by a bomb rather nearer the surface. Lord Stamp was drowned.

* * *

'We're always longing to see a mass wave of indignation sweeping through the University,' said one undergraduate member of the Oxford University Labour Club. 'Perhaps this is it.' He was referring, of course, to the affair of the sacked freshwoman – the undergraduette of St Hilda's, sent down for good in the first month of her first term for having been found in bed with a young man. I'm afraid hers is probably a lost cause, but a lot of people in Oxford last week-end were still agitating about it. The disparity in the punishments – a fortnight's rustication for him, for her the end of her university career – had generated a current. The Union, ordinarily so anti-feminist, had unanimously passed an adjournment motion calling on the authorities to reconsider the decision. The Oxford University Labour Club was circulating a petition. Meanwhile, libertarian undergraduates were talking – perhaps not very seriously – of demonstrations. A popular suggestion was a lay-down strike, or mass-bundling movement. Let every undergraduette imitate the courtship customs of the Shetland islanders and tuck up for the afternoon with an undergraduate, platonically, during permitted visiting hours.

* * *

As you may imagine, this was a distinctly delicate subject to investigate. St Hilda's, which I am told is to the impeccable Cheltenham Ladies College rather as New College is to Winchester, has a reputation for austerity. 'She'd never have been sent down for good from St Anne's,' said one undergraduette. 'Not for good, anyway. Of course they'd have had to have done something.' I gather the tutorial board of St Hilda's was not unanimous. Certainly the Principal has come in for a good deal of criticism. I was told the college servant who reported the incident had been shedding tears of regret. Senior members of the university to whom I talked thought the penalty hopelessly severe. 'Typical of the schoolmarms,' snorted one elderly, civilised don-of-the-world. He went on to outline his theory of the difference between the attitudes of dons, male, towards undergraduates, and schoolmarms, or dons female, towards undergraduettes. Male dons, he maintains, may regard undergraduates as frightful nuisances and wish they didn't exist; they may like them and be interested in teaching them; they may even love them. But they treat them as grown up. Dons, female, on the other hand, he says, have an unconscious tradition of ambivalence. They are apt to revert across the centuries and suddenly put on that forbidding abbess persona.

I remarked last week that the Albert Hall was a well-known death-trap to political meetings. I was reminded of this again by a strange story of an even stranger meeting there – one that never actually took place. We were talking, apropos Lord Cherwell, of the eccentricities of scientists and how many of the most distinguished of them really did seem to develop fixed delusional systems after a certain age. Someone then told me a story about the late Professor Soddy in the Thirties.

Soddy, who was a physical chemist of great distinction, a handsome man with a long red face who often wore stick-up Victorian collars, became seized – at the nadir of the depression in the Thirties – with a passion for Social Credit. Naturally, he had his own message to impart. One day he announced to some academic colleagues that he proposed to book the Albert Hall for a mass meeting at which he would expound his theories. He wanted their support. He knew that political meetings at the Albert Hall required interludes of entertainment. He needed an experienced choir-master to conduct community singing during the main interval. What, asked a musical colleague, did he propose that his audience should sing? 'I have it here,' said Soddy. 'The refrain is catchy, well known and up to date. The lines I have written will fit the metre exactly.' He handed over a thick script of 83 verses about the advantages of Social Credit to be sung to the tune of *Clementine*.

* * *

Reduced North Atlantic passenger traffic is one reason for revoking – on BOAC's appeal – the licence for Cunard-Eagle's proposed service. It won't have much effect on the perpetual problems of London Airport, where I spent an agreeably confused evening of blue mist early this week. The complaints from the various airline staffs – as distinct from passengers – can be divided into two: building and administration. Building: badly placed in a foggy area; too small; has to handle twice the traffic it was designed for; badly planned in the centre of the diamond pattern of runways so that it's difficult to extend; badly designed with unnecessary moving staircases that have had to be immobilised. Administration: over-complicated; the Ministry of Aviation are the landlords to whom the airlines pay rent; it even sub-lets the car parks.

* * *

One of the minor complications during the recent loaders' strike was due to the fact that the Ministry provides the porters and loaders on the apron but BEA has to provide a head loader for trimming purposes. The loaders were asking – apart from the pay rise – for a supervisor for unloading. After 1 March BEA will be taking over the loaders, which should simplify things. Everybody was remarking on how quickly they'd been able to clear flights during the strike owing to on-the-spot rationalisation, such as reducing the Customs to two channels. The figures for luggage going astray had dropped from 30 pieces per day to two. The refrain that kept on cropping up was 'Then, again, there's the Ministry . . .' The Ministry took too long to make decisions because they had to be passed by the Treasury. The Ministry was holding up repairs to the runways by refusing to allow nightshifts. The only sector of the Ministry which nobody criticised was its communication technicians and the control tower.

707th Heaven

IN THIS AGE OF DISCERNMENT . . . How long have you been with me Gladys? You're a dear sweet girl. (*Yes, Madam*). But, *really*, you *must* remember: whenever I can, I travel by Air-India. (*Yes, Madam*). As the Colonel always says: their efficiency and service—can't beat it. (*Shall I get your tea now, madam?*). Their hospitality would turn men into milk sops if it lasted too long (*biscuits or bread and butter today, madam?*) and, what's more, they have those grand Rolls-Royce Boeing 707's . . . never had luxury like that in the old days . . . Gladys! GLADYS! WAKE UP! *Yes madam* . . .

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Apart from the initial difficulties and expense, variously estimated at a few hundred millions, I suppose there's no doubt about the advantages of a decimal coinage for Britain. What would the new coins be called? There are some frightful possibilities. I got a sharp shock listening to a particularly egregious TV programme about this last Sunday. Suddenly a choir of adenoidal children began chanting: 'Ten pennies make one Churchill. Ten Churchills make one Royal.' God spare us!

* * *

The other evening, through no fault of my own, I found myself in a night-club. The scene did not appear to have changed with the years. The lighting was perhaps a little dimmer. The cabaret, soi-disant, rather more interminable. There was the usual odd mixture of masochistic night-birds; tired business men, bookmakers, advertising agency contact men entertaining clients from the Midlands, and a posse of salesmen who went the whole hog and donned the souvenir sun-bonnets. I was on my way out when I saw a lean, athletic-looking but distinctly middle-aged, white-haired man take the floor. He danced with odd striding yet skipping steps, like a giant grasshopper. I couldn't place him at all and I asked a waiter who he was? 'Oh him,' he said with a half snort, half sigh. 'There's no rest for the band now he's on the march. He'll be keeping them at it till five in the morning.' 'But who is he?' I persisted. 'It's not for me to gossip about the clients,' said the waiter, 'and anyway I don't know his name. But they tell me he's a well-known surgeon and he always comes here the night before he has a big op on so as to have a bit of a work-out like.'

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Lord Cork and Orrery, Admiral of the Fleet, is to ask in the House of Lords on Thursday if the explosion which sank the British cargo ship *Clan Keith*, north east of Tunisia, was associated with the Russian 'super-bomb' tests.

Lord Cork was asked yesterday if he thought the explosion was 'inexplicable,' and he said: 'Quite obviously so. I think there is a possibility of British ships being destroyed and we have not got the men to spare.' – *Guardian*. (A. C. C. Treacher.)

Naval officers at HMS Excellent, the Whale Island (Portsmouth) Gunnery School, have had to enlist the aid of bingo to get men to read official orders on bulletin boards. They hide lucky bingo card numbers among daily orders. – *Weekly Advertiser*. (M. Walsh.)

Do girls of Aldershot County High School have to carry too many school books home in the holidays? Farnborough Trades Council thinks they do, and they wrote to the education authority about it. Delegates spoke of girls cycling home with large suitcases full of books and said it was dangerous. Another said it must be very inconvenient to have a large number of books about the home. – *Aldershot News*. (M. D. Fry.)

Taster aged 8-10 years required by distinguished eater; good all risk insurance for right applicant who should be prepared to appear in public in Livery if necessary. – *The Times*. (Geoffrey Hann.)

The Furnished Room Mystery

AUDREY HARVEY

More than three years ago, in this journal, Audrey Harvey first drew attention to the problem of London's homeless, which has now become a public scandal. She here describes the way in which the Rent Act has intensified the crisis.

The LCC has found that five out of eight homeless families have been evicted from furnished rooms. As decontrol under the 1957 Rent Act affects only unfurnished accommodation, the Tories are trying to prove that their Act is not to blame. This, however, is not the case. If the LCC were to dig deeply into the housing histories of those in their charge it would find in very many cases that furnished rooms were merely the last bolt-holes where these people went to earth, only to be finally smoked out on to the streets.

In the working-class districts from which most homeless families naturally come, young married couples don't dream of starting off in furnished rooms – not because there is often a child on the way, not out of fear of prohibitive rents, but because tradition dictates quite otherwise. For them the word 'home', significantly, means their furniture; and a little of that home, perhaps a three-piece suite or a studio couch, may be gathering dust, long after the wedding day, while it waits in the shop for delivery.

Sooner or later some of these young couples may hear, through their private grapevine, of a couple of vacant – and therefore decontrolled – unfurnished rooms. But because decontrol, introduced in conditions of housing famine, has invested private landlords with autocratic powers, the tenants are likely to be flung out of them again if they give the slightest trouble.

Now, by trouble I do not simply mean being late with an inflated rent which consumes nearly half their earnings – though one big firm of agents in London, managing hundreds of small slum properties, has been dealing with arrears of only three weeks, even when these have been caused by illness or unemployment, by sending in bailiffs to seize the furniture. What 'giving trouble' to a landlord now means is a request for a rent book, or telling the sanitary inspector about an unusable lavatory, about rats streaking across the children's beds, dangerous electric wiring, pendulous ceilings, or something unreasonable of that sort.

In getting these unfurnished tenancies – and I am excluding those where the landlord lives in the same house – children are no disadvantage. The most formidable hurdles are unpayable rents and unfindable bribes or premiums. Some families who manage both, who give no trouble, and who spend their remaining savings on renewing floor boards, putting in water supplies and other expensive improvements, still find themselves turned out because they have made the house worth selling; and these, of course, lack the money for the next greasing of palms. How is it, then, that so many virtually homeless families manage at this stage to avoid the last ditch of the reception centre by getting furnished rooms?

In middle-class areas this would be a most unlikely solution, for children and carpets – not to mention polished sideboards, fancy lampshades and chaste bedding – do not mix. But the families who eventually become homeless rarely come from remotely desirable neighbourhoods and the furnishings provided for them, apart from being minimal, are in the grease-stained, stub-burnt and not infrequently bug-alive market. Also – and this is an important difference – their landlords are not obsessed with a desire to take in only absentee business ladies or mute single gents – not simply because the district does not in any numbers breed them, but because their own first consideration is not a quiet life.

In my experience, at least 80 per cent of the landlords in whose furnished rooms families with several small children find refuge, are not British in the native and characteristic sense. As newcomers to this country, with no chance on any waiting list, they have had to buy our most understandably rejected houses – tall, seedy and a-fog with doom – and to let off each room at rents which will pay off vicious mortgages. More important, those of them from warmer and more informal environments than ours, West Indians particularly tend actually to welcome children – and this without the smallest discrimination against white children.

This easygoing hospitality – which naturally sometimes goes with other rather less admirable easygoing ways – is extremely useful to the LCC and to other authorities responsible for homeless families. Much of the privately owned accommodation which the LCC finds for people already in its reception centres is let by coloured landlords. I

have seen many unsavoury basements and single rooms in Brixton, Paddington and Camden Town in which these refugees have been officially placed. And in Liverpool I was told that the workhouse accommodation for the homeless would be overrun but for many lodging houses run by accommodating coloured landlords.

There remains the question of why so many families are evicted even from this type of furnished room. In poor districts landlords who let furnished rooms usually own only one house; they naturally do not employ agents and they jib at consulting solicitors for fear of heavy fees. For this reason they are often the least well-informed of any landlords as well as lacking, in their native countries, any previous experience. If this were not so, most of them would by now have realised that, since the passing of the Rent Act, there has been no advantage whatever in letting furnished – as this enables their tenants to seek the protection of rent tribunals, from which the new tenants of unfurnished rooms are so unfairly barred.

Such protection can only be sought if valid notice to quit has not already been served. But these landlords rarely have the remotest idea of what valid notice means. If they want a room for a brother from overseas or for any other reason, it seems reasonable simply to ask the tenant to go. When this results in the tenant getting from the tribunal not only several months' security of tenure, but a drastic and permanent reduction of rent (a recent and typical example was a rent of £4 cut to 32*s.* 6*d.*), their indignation may be imagined. Some do not wait until they can legally evict, but resort to ferocious sanctions. In a current case I know the landlord has been hiring an unemployed friend to lock himself by the hour in the tenants' lavatory – which also contains their only tap. In another, a young West Indian with his wife and child are at present languishing in the LCC's new and sternly aseptic reception centre, after being driven out and wounded. This sort of thing has been going on for years; but, more recently, landlords have been getting rid of their furniture so that the full benefit of unrestricted decontrol can be theirs.

Here is the prize which, since the passing of the Rent Act, has been inducing more and more landlords to try, legally or otherwise, to get their protected tenants out. This, in turn, is the reason behind the unexpectedly rapid progress of creeping decontrol which, even by 1959, was afflicting no less than 80,000 low-rated homes a year in metropolitan London alone. Even the temporary amendment to the Rent Act, under which tenants of the more highly rated properties enjoyed some protection, has recently expired. It is hard to understand how any thinking Tory can fail to connect this wholesale increase in insecurity with the upsurge in homelessness.

All the privately owned rented accommodation, and not simply the lower-rated furnished accommodation, should come under the jurisdiction of the rent tribunals, and the receipt of notice to quit should be no bar to their protection. The present position is quite anomalous and inevitably leads to abuses by tenants and landlords. Another reform is that legal advice should be available wherever families threatened with homelessness are likely to apply – at the tribunals' offices in particular and, since families tend to be thrown out after the pubs shut, at police stations also. Only last week I had to complain to the police that an officer, called by a landlord, had actually offered to turn the sub-

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tenants out, and to take the mother and children to Newington Lodge, although they had received no notice at all – let alone the statutory four weeks. But most important of all, legal advice should be on tap at the reception centres themselves. Judging by the number of families who, after seeking legal advice independently, can be told either that there is no need to leave their homes at all or not immediately – and that they can sue their landlords for wrongful eviction – this might be a quite helpful reform.

Shipmates

ALUN RICHARDS

Gordon was unstable but very good company except that he used to moan sometimes in his sleep, and every morning as soon as he got up, he would crouch at the hostel window in his grey sleeping singlet and shout authentic nautical instructions to the mill girls passing along the street below. I never understood his allegiance to the sea but got used soon enough to his short bursts of being other people. He was small, thin, pale and frog-like with uncomfortable protruding eyes and a permanent dismal expression that had come with his recent alopoecia.

He was my room-mate and we were left very much alone, for like all neurotics we got on much better with each other than with the balanced who, on the whole we both agreed, were inclined to be stodgy. Then, when big Georgie came along, intruding his large rosy cheeks and disgusting coarse healthiness into our little room, Gordon and I drew closer together and wondered what new harm the world was planning.

Within minutes of entry, Georgie put himself on display to us. Making the excuse that he wanted to get out of his good suit, he stripped blatantly in the middle of the floor – right down into the nude. He did this so deliberately, talking all the time in a hearty northern voice about the shoe trade, that for a second we began to suspect something unnatural and almost warmed to him. But tattoo marks, this heartiness and a frankly unfriendly habit of keeping pound notes rolled up in the sleeve of his pyjama jacket overnight, put an end to hope of kinship.

The first night we all slept uneasily with the new third party sleeping the quietest; but in the morning Gordon went to the window and cast off as usual. He pushed the window up carefully and looked out to starboard, down the street towards the engineering works.

'Single up for'ard!' he shouted, and then cast an imperious glance to port; 'Single up aft!'

'All gone, sir!' I said, just waking up in the bed.

'Starboard easy – keep her head this side of the buoy,' Gordon ordered, looking back inside the room and ringing down slow ahead. He gave his bald patch a nervous rub: 'I'll be in my cabin if you want me, Mister.'

'Ay, ay.'

All the time it took us to get under way, Georgie was fully awake, listened to all the instructions, looked at us both, but said nothing. Then we knew he'd been warned.

It took us a day or so to notice that Georgie was mean and untrusting, locking up all his personal smalls each day in a shabby trunk which he stowed under his bed. He even kept his razor in the trunk; and every time we caught him delving furtively into its depths, Gordon talked ominously and loudly about the dangers of secrecy and privacy. There was nothing to be gained by being close, he said. Secrecy bred inwards, bred strangeness, he said, making a face. He got quite worked up about it, but Georgie still locked up his trunk in silence. We were not for a minute curious as to what was inside the trunk, but we had begun to feel overwhelmed by Georgie's presence and in self defence often looked pointedly at his ears, nose and teeth as if fascinated by the incurable. But it made no difference. Georgie and his extremities flashed and padded about us unconcerned.

It was his carefulness that rankled most. He put everything away He cleaned his pockets out nightly. Everything went into that trunk. Everything was locked. To parry this, we in turn left drawers open and scattered their contents about. You could not put a toothbrush on the wash-basin because of the watches, the fountain pens, the piles of silver and of course, the intimate letters opened for the reading. But Georgie picked his way through all the valuables unheeding. Neither did he take the hint. The locking, the unlocking, the imperviousness continued. We drank our hot milk and tablets nightly in a fury.

Then disinterestedness set in. The weather changed. The world outside interfered. Gordon had to go off one week-end to stay with his sister who had just got rid of her husband and wanted to get rid of her son. He left palely in his best suit.

In the skipperless room, Georgie asked me out for a drink. He affected to be amused by Gordon.

'Your mate's a case, isn't he, Taff?' he said.

I began to despise him even more and, declining, bit my thumb nail involuntarily. 'We are neither of us well,' I said. 'I should have thought it was obvious.'

When Gordon returned, although Georgie and I had hardly spoken, there was a difference. Finding I had spent my savings on a typewriter in his absence, Gordon kept on making little innuendos about the ship having gone down; and, since I had gone up in Georgie's eyes with this new possession, the balance changed sŏbtly. We were no longer completely united against Georgie.

I asked Gordon about his family but he said stiffly that it was confidential. Then Georgie said sympathetically one night: 'Trouble at home, lad?'

'I'm glad to say there is,' Gordon answered with a smile.

All of a sudden we seemed very sick and for a time no one spoke much. Georgie went round offering to do everybody's washing and I went to the pictures five times in one week. We stopped going to sea, and Gordon moaned continuously in his sleep, and his alopoecia now extended over the whole of the back of his head. Georgie kept wanting to get at Gordon's doctor, but we had tablets enough, and by doubling the dose, Gordon slept better for a while.

The days passed. In the autumn I managed to get off from work early and instead of going to the pictures, began to write stories for children which Georgie thought were great. I read them to him. The typewriter and Georgie's publicity made me quite a figure in the hostel. People started to speak to me and I was invited to sit on the Bank Holiday Entertainment Committee. I did. Then for a week, Gordon did not speak to anyone but drank half a bottle of hock each night with his tablets. It was an odd cycle that, as things got worse for Gordon, they got better for me. I sold an animal story to Children's Hour and bought a new suit with a waistcoat. He consulted medical books, lost a week's work with nervous exhaustion, went down to seven stone. Gordon's predicament semed so bad that we hardly noticed that Georgie had begun to drink quite heavily.

'You want to take yourself out of yourself, Gordon boy,' he said one night, beginning to undress as usual in the middle of the floor. 'New interest's what you need.' He jerked his thumb at me knowingly and belched. 'Look what I done for Taffy. Look what a bloody greyhound he was till I come.'

They both looked at me, Gordon with hatred. I looked circumspectly in between them into the wash-basin mirror. In the last month I had put on weight and there was a flush of colour in my cheeks that had not been there since I was a boy. I giggled and felt insanely pleased.

We kept on, speaking only occasionally, for a month. Then Georgie stayed out all night several times and slept once or twice in his clothes, not being able to get them off. Gordon found some kind of solace in drinking pints and pints of water and I learned to sew. In the silence, euphoria set in sometimes: we even sang a song one night, but it was a temporary condition and it soon looked as if we were about to do down hill again.

Then one afternoon, the Warden came bounding up the stairs to look for Georgie. We never spoke to the Warden except when on the washing-up rota, and then with an excessive politeness. In the early days he kept on offering to lend us books on homosexuality and we once suspected that he had put Georgie into our room to spy on us. He had a trivial mind and we did not care for him very much.

He burst into the room.

'Where's Georgie?'

Automatically – and very gamely considering his condition – Gordon made a ploy and started to look under the bed, but he jumped to his feet. The trunk was gone. It must have been taken in the lunch hour when we were all downstairs.

'Scarpered!' Gordon said wickedly and getting better every second; 'Slung his hook for sure!'

'The police . . .', the Warden said.

I rushed to the wardrobe to look for my typewriter. But I needn't have bothered. The Warden in a hushed voice said that the nature of the offence was such that it couldn't be revealed.

'No!' Gordon said. He'd his back to me, the huge bald patch egg-white and shimmering. The Warden nodded and went out wringing his hands. Gordon turned and our eyes met. He shook his head.

'Well, Mister,' he put his hands behind his back and tried to stick his stomach out; 'I could have told you he was a wrong 'un. Didn't like the cut of his jib from the start.'

'No,' I said. I felt very sad really. Everything was slipping into the past. Gordon went to the window chipily and yelled up:

'Lower topsail – haul! Upper topsail – haul! Belay there, you sons of dogs – you want me to come up and show you?'

We were in sail now, the orders were longer and more complicated. The tide had turned again and together we went into the swell.

'*While the nearer waters roll*,' I sang going down the stairs to supper that night; '*while the tempest still is high . . .*'

The Warden looked at us with new approval. We were, his nice little smile seemed to be saying, quite harmless even if we weren't going to last very long.

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Correspondence

COMING OUT WORSE

SIR, – Mr K. P. O'Donnel is too kind to the Home Secretary. There are in fact over 24,000 men in prison, nearly one-third of them herded three and more to a cell. In the closed prisons, Wormwood Scrubs, for example, there is no hot water for shaving or washing, the ventilation of cells is shocking, and the lighting is so poor that reading is a serious eye-strain. Mr Butler has been Home Secretary for four years, the Conservatives have held office for ten years. They claim to be a progressive party. The Home Secretary claims to be a reformer. Yet during his tenure not one single new prison has been completed.

The public is led to believe that first offenders are kept apart from recidivists and sex cases. Prisoners are reputed to receive adequate medical and dental attention. There is supposed to be special attention for mental cases. The administration propagates the notion that inmates are well-fed. Before their release it is believed that prisoners are reasonably free to correspond with potential employers and that after their release they receive practical help. Not one of these beliefs is true.

On my right in the Brush Shop was a murderer doing a life sentence. He had impeccable manners and much personal charm. On my left was a sex offender. His topic of conversation was limited. At least one-third of the men I got to know were mental cases who ought never to have been sent to prison at all. They will come out worse than they went in. A week after my release I went into hospital. Some awkward questions were asked. 'What savage has been attending to your teeth?' A specialist enquired in the most charming way: 'How is it that you are suffering from severe protein deficiency?'

If one of the objects of imprisonment is to throw more on to hospital staffs, nurses, doctors and dentists, it succeeds. What 'advice' does one receive prior to discharge? A chit to the National Assistance Board, an admonition to visit the Pensions Office, and an instruction to report to the Employment Exchange.

The mind of the NAB was not hard to read. 'This man has been inside. Allow him the least possible' – and the amount fixed was 12s. weekly less than the cost of lodgings fixed up for me through the Welfare Officer. For this deficiency the local charity disclaimed all responsibility. At the Exchange the two clerks were more interested in the dull and commonplace details of my 'crime' than in finding me work. They advised me to quit the town and move to London, but they did not vouchsafe who would foot the bill for travel. And the Pensions Office sent a man to obtain my signature to a 'disclaimer' for benefits.

Such charitable organisations as try to look after ex-prisoners have a thankless task. They are inundated with work and starved of money. Accommodation is the crux of the problem. The attitude of employers is another, yet it is accepted that 'crime' is seldom connected with the trade or profession in which a man is employed.

EX-PRISONER

LIVING WITH THE ENEMY

SIR, – Certainly reality is apprehended by and through individuals, and the variations in these individual perceptions are well known. But the question is: does reality exist apart from the individual perception of it? Dr Oerton says: 'Whether or not one believes that there is such a thing as reality one can at least be certain that one will never find out what it is.' Yet the periodicity and predictability of observed phenomena, such as the recurrence of the seasons, the rising of the sun, of which men have recorded their experience since the earliest times, and the more recent successful orbiting of the moon with a satellite seem to confirm not only the external fact of reality but our accurate perception of it, even in outer space.

This belief in the pre-eminence of thought conscious and unconscious and this disbelief in the knowableness of the real, external world is the essence of the Idealist view.

The definition of the unconscious is that it is only knowable by its manifestations. While the unconscious of an individual may to some extent become known to him, in psychoanalytic terms, by the process of being analysed, it is very questionable whether general conclusions drawn from individual analyses and applicable to individual analysis have any validity at all, if one takes what even Dr Storr referred to as the 'dangerous' step of applying them collectively (I do not refer here to group therapy) and certainly never in the field of economic class relationships.

The Idealist philosopher, growing doubtful of the nature of the 'soul' and the 'divine', and unable to maintain the uniqueness of Man in the face of scientific fact, has seized upon the tool of psychoanalysis, originally a therapeutic technique but nonetheless a product of Idealist thinking, to explain Man's contradictions – only to find himself committed to an analysis of the divine itself – and the infinite destructiveness of the unconscious. A terrible dilemma!

The question of whether we adopt an Idealist or a Materialist view of human personality and reality is not merely academic, for on it depends our outlook on the future and our hope for mankind. Dr Oerton's view leads to this pessimistic conclusion: 'Man will have to make a choice, but it will not be a conscious one, and it may be that he will choose to make an end.' If we choose the other view, the Materialist one, we have yet to surmount a paradox that has caused and is causing much confusion. Those who accept the 'reality' of reality thus accept the reality of thought and phantasy – so-called 'psychological reality' – and by accepting the *fact* of its reality seem committed to accepting the 'reality' of its content. The argument might run: since thought is a reality (which it is) the product of thought has 'reality' and thus an animal with a lion's head, an elephant's body and the legs of a bird has reality, which is absurd. Herein then lies the fundamental difference between Idealism and Materialism today. The 'reality' of the Idealist is limited only by the nearly infinite permutations and combinations of the elements in thought derived from the perception of reality, whereas the 'reality' of Materialism is limited to the interactions of existent reality. It is a very important difference for our assessment of the real. Its touchstone is practice.

Whatever repression of the unconscious individuals may be suffering *socially*, here and now, the great mass of the people are *consciously* experiencing the frustrations of living under a system controlled by those who preach peace but grow rich manufacturing weapons of mass destruction, offer polio immunisation while perfecting germ-warfare and talk of the brotherhood of man while busy implementing racism. It is of this hypocrisy, this frustration of human goodness and creativeness, this poverty of thinking that can offer only the inevitability of Man's annihilation, that the world is sick today.

Let me end on a note of optimism. Since the world is real and the causes of war economic, since the Russians have nothing to gain economically by war and the capitalists of the West have a pretty firm grasp of reality, it is most unlikely now that the capitalists, even Dr Oerton's 'wicked' ones, will really destroy themselves and the world they inhabit, but, instead, will find a way eventually to peaceful coexistence and economic cooperation.

N. CHISHOLM

10 Harley Street, W1

COLOUR-BAR BILL

SIR, – You are most certainly correct to describe the Immigration Bill as 'in intention and in fact a racialist measure'. May I add three sets of considerations to the list you give?

(1) It is commonly argued that there has been over the last ten years a fantastic growth in annual immigration. But consider the figures:

1948	73,746	1954	92,328
1949	64,792	1955	84,756
1950	71,932	1956	73,812
1951	76,295	1957	63,360
1952	82,072	1958	66,866
1953	77,764		

By contrast, what *has* increased is the ratio of West Indians to others; a leap from 2,000 in 1953 to 10,261 in 1954. It is from this point that the concern for restriction arises, and this increase which has alarmed those who feel with Sir Cyril Osborne (cited in *Daily Mail*, 7 February 1961) that 'this is a white man's country and I want it to remain so'.

It is worth pointing out that the lowest figure for permanent annual emigration from this country between 1948-1958 is 112,966 (1958).

(2) It is disturbing that this question is being seen chiefly in terms of such areas as Stepney (which I know too well to play down its housing and other problems) or Moss Side, and not of Jamaica, India or Africa. But to use, say, overcrowding in Cable Street as an argument for restriction, natural though it is, is not only not to help solve the social problems of dockland, which do not stem from immigration, but also to divert attention from them through the safety valve of a secondary issue, the treatment of symptoms – and victims – of a social disease as if they were the cause of it. It does this moreover against the background of Jamaican unemployment, the Kingston rubbish dumps and those who live off them, and an English immigration rate which is almost five times that of Jamaicans here. (In 1958 out of a total of 2,600 immigrants to Jamaica, 2,371 were British.)

(3) The social conditions which the Bill will do nothing to solve have helped to strengthen an anti-colour feeling which it cannot but increase. The Fascists have described it as a

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victory and they are right to do so. For the sentiments of 'Keep Britain White', which, whether we like it or not, are inseparable from the pleas for restriction, are in essence no different from those sentiments which led to Notting Hill and Little Rock and Sharpeville and the horrors revealed at the Eichmann trial.

KENNETH LEECH

Trinity College
Oxford

COLOUR IN THE COLLEGES

SIR, – We would like to record our appreciation of Gerda Cohen's very interesting article. The comprehensive survey and accurate descriptions are indeed striking.

During our sojourn in England as students, we have, on the one hand experienced the alarming severity of colour discrimination, on the other hand we have noted the struggle of the progressive British press in fighting this menace.

We fervently wish that Indian students could return home, not with ugly memories generating hatred and retaliation, but with an appreciation of our hosts as human and reasonable people.

The pages of the NEW STATESMAN are a redeeming feature in this respect and we hope its good work will prevent the introduction in Britain of the hazardous and hateful principle of 'second-class citizenship'.

PRADIP SARBADHIKARI,
President

The London Majlis
31a John Adam Street, WC2

TV AND STRIKES

SIR, – In your last issue Clancy Sigal accurately pin-pointed the main objection to television handling of industrial disputes. The fault is not that continual bias is exercised but that the self-imposed limits on time and presentation by the television people leads to superficiality and inaccuracy.

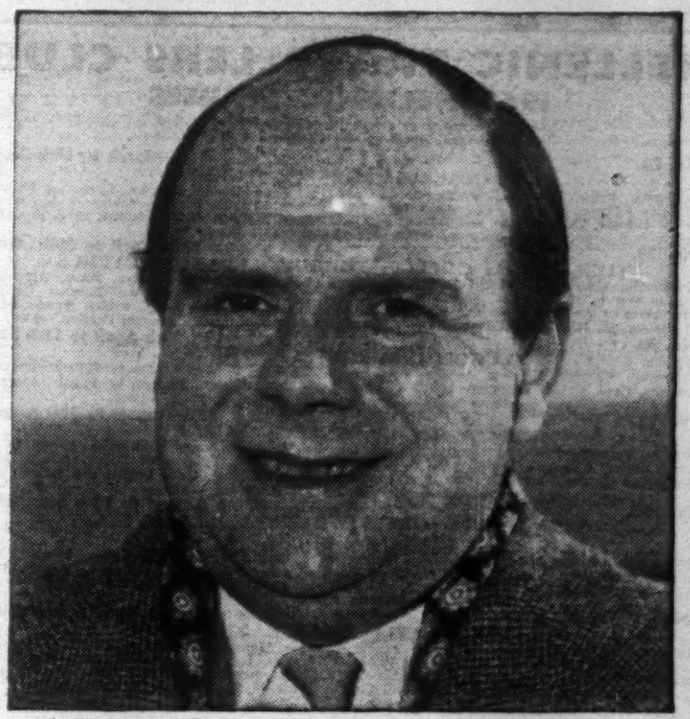
My own union was concerned in two of the strikes mentioned by Sigal where we gave official backing to our bricklayer members. The dispute at the Margam-Abbey steelworks was the culmination of 3½ years tortuous and frustrating negotiations. The sporadic strikes over tea-breaks also involved a complicated relationship to the introduction of a shorter working week. In attempting to give a clear picture of these events to experienced industrial reporters it sometimes necessitated lengthy explanations. How, therefore, is it possible for even the most brilliant television commentator to adequately summarise the situation in a few minutes for the general public?

The selection of representative leading spokesmen to appear for a short cross talk is certainly no solution. Awareness by the protagonists of the limited time at their disposal can lead to the adoption of a 'public face' and a reduction of their argument to mere partisan sloganising.

Sigal's suggestion for feature-length treatment of industrial problems, prepared by experienced reporters, obviously offers a sound and sensible approach. The use of filmed interviews and on-the-scene shots could be interwoven with commentary to give a very vivid impact. As this technique is already successfully employed in other fields by television, however, my suspicion is that its non-usage for strikes may be due to choice rather than ignorance.

The limits of presentation by television may, in fact, be self-imposed because it is also self-protecting. It should be reasonably safe to present a thorough explanation of 'foreign zoo layouts', but perhaps the television planners are apprehensive of a little finger-burning if they attempt the same with industrial disputes.

W. S. HILTON
Research & Publicity Officer
Amalgamated Union of
Building Trade Workers
5 Elmsleigh Road
Twickenham



Are the Tories cruel, indifferent and selfish?

Iain Macleod replies to Sir Harold Nicolson

Recently in The Observer Sir Harold Nicolson said that he had always hated the Tories, that they were cruel, indifferent and selfish. In this Sunday's Observer Conservative Party Chairman Iain Macleod answers Sir Harold's charges in an extremely animated conversation with Kenneth Harris.

Macleod talks about what is really going on in present-day politics, about different attitudes within his party. He gives an insight into the way the parties (and the Conservatives in particular) run their Conferences.

For frankness, for forthrightness, this conversation compares favourably with the memoirs of political figures who left active politics years ago. But Macleod is a man right at the centre of things, and he is talking about what is happening *now*.

Danny Blanchflower joins The Observer

This Sunday Danny Blanchflower, captain of League and Cup winners Tottenham Hotspur, joins The Observer. He will write about football of course, and a great many other sports that interest him. His articles and reports, like his football, have a special sort of authority and originality. They are also highly entertaining. If you follow sport, you will enjoy it all the more with Danny Blanchflower.

For rugby fans:
Michael Green (of 'Coarse Rugby' fame) writes on Old Players Who Never Die.

THE OBSERVER

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SCHOLARS AT WAR

SIR, – May I answer Mr Whitty briefly? Evans found a hoard of tablets in the Stirrup Jar Room at Knossos (Palmer's book, fig. 32). Some 35 years later, in a work which contains several similar 'clerical' errors (he was 85 when it appeared), he attributed to the hoard a tablet from another part of the Palace. The identity of the individual tablets has no bearing on their dating, of course, but much has been made by Professor Palmer of this irrelevant mistake.

In *Palace of Minos* Evans also says nothing about a 1923 trial; not only nothing about this, but nothing about many other trials and whole areas of Knossos (as the Arsenal), since his book is less a site-publication than a series of essays on Minoan civilisation. That the 1923 trial makes nonsense of Evans's dating is Professor Palmer's opinion only. If it does not, then this is a matter of omission rather than suppression. In the opinion of an archaeologist, who may not be an expert in the Bronze Age but who has experience of excavation and excavation records, it does not. In the opinion of archaeologists who *are* experts in the Bronze Age it does not.

These points have been answered fully, although not, admittedly – and I would say understandably – in the non-specialist journals. An important factor has been Palmer's reversal of normal scholarly procedure, by publicising conclusions and accusations before giving an account of the full evidence on which his arguments are based.

J. BOARDMAN
Reader in Classical Archaeology
Ashmolean Museum
Oxford

THE MORONIC MASS

SIR, – Mr Parrinder and Dr Malleson both make interesting points, but in the process they ride roughly over my own remarks. The record needs to be set right.

1. There was no misquotation. If Mr Parrinder will look again I'm sure he will see that what he describes as a quotation is not in fact in quotation marks, and is my personal language. If he ponders a little he will also see why.

2. My groupings were exclusive. I was not, as Mr Parrinder assumes, measuring the existence of spoon-feeding intentions in the mass media. The measurement had to do with whether people passively and totally accepted what the media offered, or whether they nevertheless had minds of their own. In other words, is the *Daily Express* a full picture of the attitudes and values of the working class, or not?

BRIAN JACKSON
57 Scotland Road
Cambridge

VINTAGE CAR CULT

SIR, – Only one thing is missing from Mr Banham's article on vintage cars, and that is the idea that somebody, somewhere, may love something. Anyone who wants to run a vintage car for the wrong reasons is indeed a fair target. But I doubt if very many people do.

Mr Banham is doubtless right about all the physical details, just as the 'cultists' are doubtless right about the intangible ones, but, dear God, why do there have to be sides on this?

If you want me to declare my interest, I run a 1954 Sunbeam Alpine, pre-Rootes, which probably puts me among Mr Banham's vintage nuts. Nothing built later gives me the same qualitative experience, and I have tried quite a lot. If something more modern had existed at the same price, I would probably have bought it. Now I have bought my Alpine I would keep it until it costs too much, because I love it. The difference is vital, and all the long words and abuse in the world can't alter it.

IAN NAIRN
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CHRISTMAS BOOKS I

The Bland Hyena's Laugh

D. J. ENRIGHT

This is perhaps the most distinguished anthology of parodies to appear since the end of last week – even, for all I know, the end of last month.* It is – we have it on the authority of the blurb – 'undoubtedly the most comprehensive collection of parodies ever to appear in a single volume'. This no doubt is sufficient *raison* for its *être*. Aside from that, it is undoubtedly the most sense-of-humour-benumbing book ever to appear in a single volume.

It begins with a dedication (not, I take it, a parody): 'To my dear sons Michael and Nicholas without whose school bills this anthology would not have been made.' The parodists have probably made more money out of their parodies than the poets etc. made out of their poetry etc., and the editors of anthologies of parodies probably make more money out of their anthologies than the parodists made out of their parodies, and – but never mind the rest of the well-known nursery rhyme.

Not that Mr Macdonald isn't pro-poetry, mind you. 'A Grammarian's Funeral', he assures us, is 'not a bad poem, by the way'. He loves literature – though, love being what it is. . . . His introductions and extrications are models of learning – though, learning being what it is. . . . Speaking of Max Beerbohm's parodies of such discarded writers as Maurice Hewlett and A. C. Benson, he remarks that 'one is able to reconstruct these extinct forms of life from the single parodic bone thrown to one, and perhaps to enjoy them even more than their contemporaries did'. And my only objection to this blackened sepulchre of a book derives from its resemblance, by and large, to a patronisingly 'popular' lecture on archaeology, or How to Enjoy Ancient Civilisations Even More than their Contemporaries Did. A god's-eye view of the blood and sweat of writing. Literature without tears. And as for the old tag about the sincerest form of flattery – where writing is concerned, the only form of flattery is *reading*.

In his scholarly appendix, the editor claims that at its best parody is 'a form of literary criticism'. Good Lord, what can it be at its worst, then? Things being as they are these days – when most of our literary criticism is very *literary* criticism and a lot of our creative writing is literary criticism – it would be nice to have something that *wasn't* a form of literary criticism. Further, the blurb – but let me throw a scanty towel round my nude naïveté by whispering the possibility that this whole volume, with the conceivable exception of the parodies but definitely including the blurb and the commentaries, is a parody – the blurb instructs us that 'the distance from the sublime to the ridiculous is often infinitesimal'. It is also, if I may sink to a less original thought, often very great.

Take for instance 'Resolution and Independence', a poem which Mr Macdonald agrees is 'a good one in spite of its absurd aspects'. He prints seven scattered stanzas from it, and follows up with the whole of the *Alice* parody, 'I'll tell thee everything I can'. Now it is plain that the parody doesn't come off and that the poem (in spite of etc., and even in spite of the tendentious quoting) does. Perhaps, sensing this inconvenient truth, the editor – no, that way libel lies – it must be the printer who is responsible for what happens in stanza XVII:

> My former thoughts returned: the fear
> that kills;
> And hope that is unwilling to be fed;
> Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly
> ills;
> And *nightly* poets in their misery
> dead . . .

Dead drunk every night, eh? Which, one suspects, is the opinion that Mr Macdonald holds of poets and the like. His preference seems to be for parody – 'classical moderation', 'commonsensibility', 'politically . . . the watchdog of national interests, socially of respectability, and, in the world of letters, of established forms' – and for parodists – 'conservative and classical', 'bred on the classics' – in fact, the sort of people who today occupy the administrative heights in cultural agencies, ministries of fine arts and other watchdoggeries and utilisers of art for non-art purposes.

To adapt Oscar Wilde's epigram (which the editor quotes in a footnote), one must have a sense of humour made of stone to read all this funniness without weeping. But inevitably there are good things here, good and innocuous and even salutary things which help to moderate the reader's flow of tears. Notable among them are Pope's Imitation of Chaucer, Catherine Fanshawe's amiable Wordsworth, Calverley's Browning, a chapter from *Cold Comfort Farm*, some of Queneau's *Exercices de Style*, Cyril Connolly's Aldous Huxley, Beerbohm's Henry James (one sentence of which is so Jamesian as to have been in fact written by James), E. B. White's parody of Whitman (and the Classics Club), Wolcott Gibbs's Hemingway, Joyce's 'Oxen of the Sun', Kenneth Tynan's Thornton Wilder plus Faulkner, Peter De Vries's Faulkner, and Faulkner's Faulkner.

Henry Reed's 'Chard Whitlow' is given, but not his 'Lessons of the War', gentle satire yet perhaps too near the knuckle, the knuckle of life, to qualify for this compilation of 'literary shop-talk'. E. B. White's *Across the Street and into the Grill* starts quite superbly:

> This is my last and best and true and only meal, thought Mr Perley as he descended at noon and swung east on the beat-up sidewalk of Forty-fifth Street. Just ahead of him was the girl from the reception desk. I am a little fleshed up around the crook of the elbow, thought Perley, but I commute good.

And Gilbert Highet's 'Homage to Ezra Pound' is very nice, too –

> And there sat the well-oiled fire-engine
> all ready to strain its gutmost
> eek ow ouf honk honk
> unable to think, but ready to quote and
> paraphrase in six languages
> including Provençal . . .
> ei didl didl
> li chat e li fidl
> it took a man like Ezra to kill
> Provençal poetry for us . . .

– till it declines into high-minded abuse. The stiletto, not the bludgeon, dear boy. It's immoral to strike anyone with a bludgeon.

Mr Macdonald appears to have ambitions of the *Oxford Book* sort (joint imprint with *The New Yorker*), and so we must expect to find some obvious items, such as 'Two voices are there . . .', the *Alice* burlesques (but isn't 'The voice of the sluggard', with its tremendous line 'As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed', superior in every way to 'The voice of the Lobster'?), Crashaw's 'portable and compendious oceans', and bits of 'Goody Blake and Harry Gill' and 'The Thorn' (Original Version). It is the section which includes the last three pieces – 'Self-parodies: Unconscious' – that succeeds in giving the game away.

We are invited to laugh at Cowley's Ode on Dr Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood – 'Of man's Meander all the purple reaches made' – a poem which should rather shame us by its reminder of the days when the 'two cultures' were, if precariously, still one. Worse, we are confidently expected to regard Dr Johnson's 'Lucubrations on Glass' as irresistibly risible:

> . . . by some such fortuitous liquefaction was mankind taught to procure a body, at once in a high degree solid and transparent, which might admit the light of the sun and exclude the violence of the wind.

Well, isn't that the miracle of glass, and don't we need to realise it from time to time, and doesn't Johnson make us realise it? And rather more successfully than that elephantine paragraph in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* entry which begins, 'The word "glass" has three connotations' – a piece of exposition which Mr Macdonald would probably contemplate with a straight and respectful face. Only a race blinded with neon could derive a scornful tickling from Johnson's remarks.

Wordsworth, we know, is a barn-door for the watchdogs of respectability. But I still can't see the point of including the

* *Parodies*. Edited by DWIGHT MACDONALD. *Faber*. 30*s*.

Graham Greene

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extract from 'The Sailor's Mother' (Original Version) –

> 'In Denmark he was cast away;
> And I have travelled far as Hull to see
> What clothes he might have left, or other property.'

What is so ludicrous about this? The mere mention of Hull (from hell, Hull and Halifax, good Lord deliver us)? Or the purpose of the old lady's journey? Perhaps us intellectuals wouldn't go all that way for the sake of a few odds and ends, we can generally find an easier way of paying our children's school bills.

'What is art today? A pilgrimage on peas,' the Devil tells Mann's Dr Faustus. 'I know, I know. Parody. It might be fun, if it were not so melancholy in its aristocratic nihilism. Would you promise yourself much pleasure and profit from such tricks?' The Devil himself feels a few humane doubts. Not so Mr Macdonald, who passes very quickly over 'the tendency of parody towards philistinism', and pays little attention to William Empson's remarks (quoted in a footnote) on the 'bitterness' inherent in parody. And what will the parodists do – and what will their editors and commentators do – when the day comes that there shall be no writers but Reuters, only journalists producing journalism in a standard journalistic style, when films have learnt to short-circuit novels altogether, when indeed the Rudyards cease from Kipling and the Haggards Ride no more? If literature does die out, it won't be because of the uneducated, the unliterary I mean, whether English or American or Chinese or Indian or whatever, who *want* to know about it, who feel they are missing something. It will be because of the educated, the knowing, who are confident that anything they are missing doesn't exist. The conservative nihilists, in fact – to use the language of parodology.

A tail-note 'About the Editor' informs us (or is it a final parodic item?) that he has been an associate editor of *Fortune*, an editor of *Partisan Review*, the editor and publisher of *Politics*, an advisory editor of *Encounter*, a staff writer on *The New Yorker*, and movie critic for *Esquire*. Also (but that was in another decade, and besides the stench is dead) more or less successively a Trotskyist, a pacifist and an anarchist. 'His interests of late years have shifted from the political to the literary because he thinks he can do more about the latter than about the former.' If this is the way he does it, it seems a pity he didn't stick to politics, which might benefit from a little of the stiletto treatment, rather than devote his admirable energies to flogging a dying Pegasus. If (to sustain this pleasing metaphor from Our Dumb Friends) I am scolded for breaking a butterfly on a wheel, I shall plead that this is a rather large butterfly (570 pages) and that it produces a kind of grub to which our contemporary cabbages are peculiarly vulnerable.

One last question. Is this present review a parody? If so, is it a self-parody? If so, is it a conscious self-parody or an unconscious one? I couldn't say – but Mr Macdonald will be sure to know.

Here

Swerving east, from rich industrial shadows
And traffic all night north; swerving
through fields
Too thin and thistled to be called meadows,
And now and then a harsh-named halt,
that shields
Workmen at dawn; swerving to solitude
Of skies and scarecrows, haystacks, hares
and pheasants,
And the widening river's slow presence,
The piled gold clouds, the shining gull-
marked mud,

Gathers to the surprise of a large town:
Here domes and statues, spires and
cranes cluster
Beside grain-scattered streets, barge-
crowded water,
And residents from raw estates, brought down
The dead straight miles by stealing flat-
faced trolleys,
Push through plate-glass swing-doors to
their desires –
Cheap suites, red kitchen-ware, sharp shoes,
iced lollies,
Electric mixers, toasters, washers, driers –

A cut-price crowd, urban yet simple, dwelling
Where only salesmen and relations come
Within a terminal and fishy-smelling
Pastoral of ships up streets, the slave museum,
Tattoo-shops, consulates, grim head-
scarfed wives;
And out beyond its mortgaged half-
built edges
Fast-shadowed wheat-fields, running high
as hedges,
Isolate villages, where removed lives

Loneliness clarifies. Here silence stands
Like heat. Here leaves unnoticed thicken,
Hidden weeds flower, neglected
waters quicken,
Luminously-peopled air ascends.
Then, past the poppies, bluish neutral distance
Ends the land suddenly beyond a beach
Of shapes and shingle. Here is
unfenced existence:
Facing the sun, untalkative, out of reach.

PHILIP LARKIN

Leave off Loving

Fantasia of the Unconscious; Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious. By D. H. LAWRENCE. *Heinemann*. 18*s*.

'London a Pompeii in five minutes!' It is striking to find Lawrence in 1923 foreseeing wars of efficient and internecine destruction, exposed as he then was to the faith and hope of war-sickened peoples who expected peace through politics. It was no political analysis that guided him, only his conviction of the fatal effects of idealism, benevolence, the 'detestable *love-will*'.

Running counter to the beliefs of his time he writes mostly in a tone of exasperated defiance. The fantasy astro-physics and physiology were an aberration, I think, based on his hatred of sterile science. They have something of the manner of a primitive cosmology such as the early Zoroastrian writings. He is strenuously insistent that these are his literal beliefs (though possibly the 'Fantasia' of the title was a hedging afterthought). With twilight on the frontiers of physics and theology one may be constrained to an unwilling suspension of disbelief when

he asserts that the universe originated in life and not *vice versa*; for all I know our lives do, as he thought, feed the sun. But when he maintains that siblings communicate direct through their solar plexuses and that unseen quickening rays pass from the father's abdominal life-centre to the child's, agnosticism gives way to denial. Some of this, of course, can be accepted as metaphor – and how Lawrence would have hated that.

Though it bulks large, this kind of writing adds little to the psychological themes of the *Fantasia*, which are the relation of the child and its parents, the effects of that on the relation of men and women in marriage, and its wider implications in social and political organisation. Running all through both books is the contrast between 'the true unconscious, where our life bubbles up in us, prior to any mentality' and what he calls idealism, 'the motivizing of the great affective sources by means of ideas mentally derived.' His sense of the incalculable damage done to human relations by this 'idealism' unites him with Trigant Burrow, with whom he corresponded a year or two after these books came out. It is one of the most profoundly important of neglected insights.

Under 'idealism' he includes the eliciting of love from children.

> We are imbeciles to start bothering about love and so forth in a child. Forget utterly that there is such a thing as emotional reciprocity. But never forget your own honour as an adult individual towards a small individual. It is a question of honour, not of love.

It is vicious, he says, a sort of incest, for parents to establish a bond of adult love between themselves and the child: 'I do not speak of sex I speak of pure sympathy, sacred love.' Especially he detests the child-tied mother; 'the mother-child relationship is today the viciousest of circles' This bond of 'love', he thought, obstructed the achievement of individuality, 'the central fullness of self-possession', and his Litany of Exhortations which makes the climax of the book affirms that the only way to break out of the vicious circle of all the human relations based on 'idealism' is to leave off loving 'and in your own soul be alone and be still.' Not only parents but husbands and wives must leave off loving. Learn, he says, 'to walk in the sweetness of the possession of your own soul', whatever your wife does to you with her love-will.

> But if your wife should accomplish for herself the sweetness of her own soul's possession, then gently, delicately let the new mode assert itself, the new mode of relation between you, with something of spontaneous paradise in it.

From the starting point of the 'Holy Family', of mother, father and uniquely individual infant, one thread through this seemingly chaotic book traces the effort to break away from the mother so as to achieve true individuality. The other thread, on the contrary, shows Lawrence's effort to recover the father from whom he was divided by his attachment to his mother . . It is this thread that leads him through theories of education and politics. He saw the half-literacy of newspaper-ridden working men as a barrier dividing him from people whose practical work he deeply respected. Only a few people, he thought, could go far enough in the direction of knowledge and consciousness to return again to spontaneity – 'the supreme lesson of human consciousness is to learn how *not to know* . . .' His desperate prescription was to abolish elementary education and turn all the schools into workshops

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and gymnasia. A few people would choose, at 14, to go to 'schools of mental culture' and perhaps universities, for 'you must have a higher, responsible, conscious class.' And these leaders would unite men in devotion to great purposes, with women existing for them 'only in the twilight, by the camp fire.' Thus in his struggle to untangle some of his early experiences, he expressed his own version of a complex set of protests that was then beginning to provide some of the driving force of fascism. But with the civilised tenderness that made one side of him Lawrence was no Pound, and he had no use for the repulsive realities of a fascist movement. In this book, in 1923, he could write :

> The secret is, to commit into the hands of the sacred few the responsibility which now lies like torture on the mass. Let the few, the leaders, be increasingly responsible for the whole. And let the mass be free: free, save for the choice of leaders. . . . Leaders – this is what mankind is craving for.

This and related passages would have been *loci classici* for our intellectual quislings if Germany had won her last war. But by 1928, after living in Italy, he was writing to a man with experience of mass movements,

> I'm afraid the whole business of leaders and followers is somehow wrong, now . . . Yes, one can ignore Fascism in Italy for a time. But after a while, the sense of false power forced against life is very depressing.

Perhaps this sprang from one of the moments he speaks of in the *Fantasia*: 'When I say to myself: "I am wrong", knowing with sudden insight that I *am* wrong, then this is the whole self speaking, the Holy Ghost.' Chaos though it is, the book is a chaos of life and potential order just because Lawrence was using it as a tool in his fierce effort to recover or create this whole self.

D. W. HARDING

Arch-Fiend

Dust in the Lion's Paw. By FREYA STARK. *Murray.* 25s.

Freya Stark is today's representative of that remarkable succession of English men and women who have lived in the Arab world, loved it and become accepted personalities within it. The outstanding interest of her latest book is that she formulates at its conclusion the reasons for Britain's failure to maintain its influence there. She writes, as always, with great distinction, and explains in a final passage that the 'management and reality' of words is of supreme importance; attention to them must not be neglected 'in times of crisis, since its neglect hatches the crisis in itself'. Her job during the war, with which most of this book is concerned, consisted in 'persuasion' – in persuading people in Iraq, Yemen, Syria, Egypt and throughout the Middle East that Britain had something important to offer which the Germans rejected. With this faith she created organisations and used words of persuasion that sometimes ran her into conflict with official propaganda. The story she tells is historically important. Both the good and the bad forms of persuasion failed.

She quotes from a characteristic correspondence with Lionel Fielden, someone whose great talents have been buried because he has stood aside from the battle, always ready to show, with brilliance and resolution, good reasons for rejecting the compromises involved in participation. Writing in 1945, he agreed with Miss Stark that of the various imperialisms Britain's was the least bad. But all power is distasteful to him; it is enough that people do not like to be ruled even by decent aliens. And how many British rulers really possess Miss Stark's qualities? '*You* are a kind of arch-fiend of propaganda,' he writes, 'because you do (or appear to) really act on perfectly equal and equable terms with the desert and its peoples and if any Raj could be as amusing and intelligent and friendly as you – well, it should take charge of the world.' Miss Stark replies that though the 'old-fashioned Jingo' was a menace, she believes that he is a relic of the past and that 'we are ahead of most of the world now in having left the "possessive" stage, in love, in education, in religion, in administration, behind us'.

That was written 16 years ago when it was still not clear to her, as it is today, that Britain had ceased to be a great power and that our influence could no longer carry much weight among the peoples she loves. Today she concludes that there are two main reasons for failure. During the war, she says, we practised the art of persuasion and many believed in us, but we 'lacked conviction' and the Arabs learnt that we were 'trying to offer a civilisation *which we did not believe in*' (her italics). The second reason was our support of Zionism.

> When once the war and its chivalry were over, the trust which individual Englishmen had engendered could not survive, and their personal influence – which should have tided us across our transitions – was unable to stand against what the whole Arab world felt to be an injustice.

That no doubt is true. So many wartime promises; so many words misused; so many crises hatched within them; so many policies that were fulfilments to some and betrayals to others. But it seems to me that Freya Stark here omits the essential truth implicit in Fielden's argument – that Arab nationalism was inevitable and that the British were bound to be the losers anyway just because, arrogant and decent alike, we had been the rulers and as such became the target for attack. It is the West, not merely the Jews, that the Arab world rejects.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Flurry of Lawyers

In Search of Criminology. By LEON RADZINOWICZ. *Heinemann.* 25s.

Freedom and the Law. By BRUNO LEONI. *Van Nostrand.* 45s.

The Law and its Compass. By LORD RADCLIFFE. *Faber.* 16s.

The Law as Literature. Selected by LOUIS BLOM-COOPER. *Bodley Head.* 30s.

Topolski's Legal London. *Stevens.* 73s. 6d.

A new mathematical proposition (wrote Leon Cornil in 1934) may excite a few scholars and achieve an ephemeral *succès de congrès*. A new penal law interests the whole community. 'People see in it, when well organised, the guardian of public order; when badly organised, a menace to the security of the citizen.' Professor Radzinowicz's brief historical assessment of the criminologists of Europe and America, of the development or burial of their ideas during 200 years, hasn't much to offer in the way of revolutionary penal proposals (the Professor rejects, as I do not, the theory that there is 'no such thing

as an incorrigible offender'). But this book does make you feel that some of the ideas born about a century ago will one day be used on a significant scale. All over the world, he says, men are re-examining the efficacy of penal methods – and no one has done more than he to stimulate them. But as long ago as 1886 Adolph Prins was urging that 'the multitude of minor punishments means that prison becomes a hostelry, that the Judge enlarges, without being aware of it, the records of recidivism'. If Professor Radzinowicz has his way, he is likely to abolish the popular image of criminology as a matter of finger prints, test-tubes, briar pipes and dolled-up murder stories: he may even get it recognised as a vital part of legal education. If this happens, however, it will be partly because the government in this country and (far more) the Ford Foundation in America have spent the money to make it respectable.

Professor Leoni of the University of Pavia believes that individual freedom can't be secured by legislation but is always endangered by it. He hates legislators (he really belongs on the English Bench) and wants all his law handed down by Judges. He extols Roman law, despite his own blood-curdling examples of that over-praised code in action, and thinks that the Parliament of Great Britain has 'almost despotic powers over the citizens'. He identifies legislation with (had you guessed?) socialism, and legislators with 'these socialists'; and urges that 'the common will' is a sham, in effect a soap-box pulpit from which people preach freedom when what they really want is to constrain other people from doing what they don't want to do themselves. I respectfully agree with him (whether or not he is what he seems to be, a forensic stuffed shirt) that freedom is more likely to be furthered by repeals than by new enactments; but I emerge from a careful reading of his persuasive and hard-hitting book with an enhanced rather than a diminished preference for law-making outside the law courts.

For the law needs a compass, as Lord Radcliffe earnestly maintains. In measured and urbane prose (you can fancy, at times, that you are reading *The Rambler*) he tells lawyers they've got lost in their own fog. ('Principles of law, which are after all no more than generalisations relating to human conduct, cannot always sustain the weight of reasoning that is nowadays brought to bear upon them.') For him, the law as a natural phenomenon is *not* the special concern of lawyers and Judges, it is the province of moralist, philosopher, and theologian. And the positive law that we administer needs, as its fortification, that deep sense of respect which comes from the mere habit of obeying.

In this book, Lord Radcliffe traces the modern concept of 'civil liberty' back to the belief that a man is entitled to worship God in his own way; and he thinks that men are once more searching the faith of those who lived in times when 'more absolute questions demanded more absolute replies'. It is in the easy times that the light dims, and this is one of the uneasy times – even more than the 16th century was.

Mr Louis Blom-Cooper has earned the gratitude of all who love the English language, whether they love or hate the law. His book is a gem. My own gratitude is engaged because I have for so long wanted to possess some of these legal essays and classic judgments – wanted them enough to have contemplated copying them out in libraries from their books of origin. Here are Albert Camus' famous *Reflections on the Guillotine* – on the death penalty as 'a public sin of sloth' and 'a furtive murder committed by night in a prison yard'; Patrick Duncan proving that the apartheid regulations are 'not law'; Kenneth Tynan's account of the *Lady Chatterley* trial ('the mind's eye saw a man holding up one brick after another and demanding: "Is that expert, artistic architecture?" '); Oliver Wendell Holmes Junior ('if you want to know the law, you must look at it as the *bad* man does'); Lord Atkin's great dissenting judgment (which failed to endear him to his colleagues) in *Liversidge v. Anderson*, an 18B appeal ('in this case I have listened to arguments which might have been addressed to the Court in the time of Charles I'); Gandhi addressing the Judge in non-mitigation of his offence of sedition ('non-violence implies voluntary submission to the penalty for non-cooperation with evil'). A host of other things. I wonder why on earth this simple, splendid job has not been done before.

Feliks Topolski, seeing London as a flurry of lawyers, drapes it around Mr Francis Cowper's solid text like chiffon on a clothes horse. The text, agreeable and informative enough, is in gift-book style, reminiscent of the time when all such books ended with a huge list of opulent subscribers. Topolski's merciless gargoyles hit some of the Judges pretty hard, none harder than Lord Kilmuir (who in several billowing glimpses suggests the king of trumps), but the jewel of the collection, worth by itself the price of the whole book, is the two-colour sketch of Fountain Court, Temple.

C. H. ROLPH

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Book of Martyrs

V. S. PRITCHETT

It takes a man of iron character to resist writing about his schooldays. They mark the first terrifying discovery that one has contemporaries, one's first smell of the herd. Twenty-seven writers, among whom are Kenneth Allsop, Kingsley Amis, Simon Raven, Jocelyn Brooke, Cassandra, Malcolm Muggeridge, William Golding and Jonathan Miller, were unable to hold out.* The series to which they contribute was got together for the *Spectator* by Brian Inglis and, if it is as repetitious as Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, it does give a suggestive cross-section of the martyrdoms available to two generations.

Over-education – I had been to 11 schools, village, state-slum, state-suburban, in town, country and city, by the time I was 15 – puts me out of touch with some of the contributors. I was brought up on state asphalt rather than playing-fields. Except for two fighting urinals run by Church and Chapel, I liked school and never experienced anything as seamy as Kenneth Allsop's bankrupt academy, as heady as Jonathan Miller's Jungian frolic-house, or as subtly degrading as Simon Raven's seminary for moral re-armament. No women writers were invited by Mr Inglis. There is not a single ink-bomb from St Trinians. This confirms a suspicion that the Old School trauma is exclusively male and that the generalisations made about education in Great Britain cheerfully leave half the population out. I agree with Malcolm Muggeridge, a state chap of my generation, that it is bad to remember school for too long, and worse to bear the stamp for life. Perhaps he and I are repressed snobs. On second thoughts, it wouldn't surprise me to hear that, compared with girls' Public Schools, the boys' are havens of individual and social enlightenment or that the snobberies so often complained of are more lasting among the girls.

First of all, the larks and sufferings of Mr Inglis's collection: Toynbee triumphant in the scrum, Amis doing his turn with the 'riot mechanism', a suitcase of broken glass, Peter Fleming's grass snakes: this is perennial *Gem* and *Magnet* stuff. Jonathan Miller brings us up to date with the crank school, one of those exalted and dotty centres of villa culture that have brought an Edward Lear note into British education. ('We like to think of education as a sort of leading out'.) So the multiplication table was learned in French, a Jungian chant followed prayers, the hands being placed side by side over the heart as the song rose to its crescendo ('The spirit of the sun within us glows'). To the tune of *Lillibulero* on their recorders, the pupils wandered on to lessons about How Manu led his People out of Atlantis, and then transferred their impressions in water-colour onto moistened paper. The desired mystical blur was easily achieved, so that a lad could pass off 'a detailed representation of What He would do to Betty Grable' as 'Prince Gautama teaching the Word'. Six months in this 'womby confusion of thought and action' set Jonathan Miller back about six years. Did it? How can one tell? There are long periods in which the child's mind is dough. One is incapable of learning in every year of one's school life. I suppose Miller was simply having his adolescence delivered to him years before puberty. On principle: it is a crank school speciality.

And I am not utterly against it. A generation before Jonathan Miller, and to be precise in 1911 at Rosendale Road Elementary School, Herne Hill, I was taught – under the Dalton plan – to read James Russell Lowell and illustrate him with Impressionist water-colours, to play six-a-side football with a tennis ball, to collect amulets and imitate medieval handwriting. Even in the Dark Ages and under the LCC one had heard – thank God – of dotty education. The only schools I really respect are the 'progs'; keeping up with Bedales and before Dartington, the LCC went 'prog' for three of the most stimulating years of my life. To me 1911 seems the high point of our scholastic civilisation and I have pitied the Prep and Public Schoolboy ever since. But this unworldly plunge into Progress by the state had one fatal weakness: no scholarships for knowing James Russell Lowell inside out, for being able to moisten Whatman paper and reduce *The Idylls of the King* to water-colour. Boys are romantic snobs: I longed to move on to Greyfriars. The way people like Toynbee, Romilly etc. turned against their Public Schools 20 years later shocked Virginia Woolf – and me. From our point of view, as oppressed majorities, female and male, I think we were right.

Since the Twenties and Thirties the attack on the Public Schools has lost its violence and has changed in direction. The pre-1914 boys raged against Arnold and the leadership ethos, the cult of games, the bullying and the insensibility. (Only in Simon Raven's piece are there echoes of this, in his disgusted essay on the new moral tone: 'showing up' in the interests of the group spirit was official doctrine at his school, i.e. the boys were made to think 'sneaking' moral.) The protesters of 1914 became masters and places like Rugby and Wellington got a touch or two of civilisation. Mr Inglis notes that the boys at the cheap or state schools complain very little. Education is an urgent necessity for them; they take the rough with the smooth, get their scholarships, and happily escape being marked for life by the Public Schoolboy's fixation on his schooldays. As Muggeridge (Elementary and State Secondary) says, they forget in tranquillity and, in this sense, grow up. This is excellent up to a point, but it can be complained that it is not they who make the best rebels. Their unprivileged situation leads to mildness or sedulous self-interest.

The attack on the Public Schools is not now directed at their tone or their kind of achievement, but at the part they play in social segregation and in encouraging snobbery. One will never cure schoolboys of snobbery: they are in the tribal stage of development; they take to it with pleasure at all levels. Rosendale Road Elementary despised Dulwich Hamlet when I was a boy and Effra Road Higher Grade had contempt for all of us. But, as these essays show, this tribal ferocity is quickly forgotten in all classes. The dangerous snobbery is not in the schools themselves but in society. Only a very snobbish society could have created Kenneth Allsop's bankrupt academy and the real objection to this school is that parental delicacy had encouraged bad education. One recognises another Llanabba in Allsop's account of the masters:

> In they came, out they went, a frayed, farouche, shuffling cavalcade, like a pedagogic police parade, on their uppers and down at heel, their references bad but their accents good, to linger a little to bore us with facts that it bored them to repeat, and to tipple whiskey behind the desk lid.

Schools of this kind at any rate give the boy a useful insight into the shadier aspects of adult life. Allsop's school was not prog, and prog schools have made good use of the picaresque. It arrests boredom.

Boredom, lethargy, the unawakened mind – these are still the bugbears of schooling. My impression is that, outside the big cities, boredom is still as marked in the state schools as it was in George Woodcock's faraway days as a half-timer in a Lancashire mill town. The masters were superior to the boys and did their best to stir them into intellectual life. In vain – for the boys were 'older', more glumly realistic than their teachers. They were inured conformists 'anxious to give the impression that [they] too were as taciturn and matter of fact, as their elder workmates appeared to be'. George Woodcock was brought up in the bad old days but his essay has the merit of connecting school life with the realities of life outside and of looking at it from the master's point of view.

He also avoids the literary fallacy: being gifted, writers see things too vividly and egoistically, and forget the state of mind of the plainly ungifted and the casualties who have been left obdurate, apathetic or resentful. The writers wanted to 'get out'; the rest were more or less contentedly stunned. One would like to be convinced that the mass of boys now are not just as indifferent as they used to be. One hears many murmurs that they have been made duller and even more eager for taciturnity by our kind of society. Even that 'happy' schools leave them 'frustrated'.

Most of us end by coming round in support of the education we ourselves went through. Angus Wilson does not see why Public Schools should still exist, but would send a boy to Westminster where he himself prospered. Malcolm Muggeridge and Kingsley Amis support, as I do, the big city day school because (in Amis's words) life

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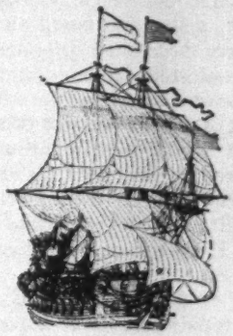

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there has 'a freedom which I should guess to be unique, a freedom based on heterogeneity. Where there is no orthodoxy there can be no conformity and no intolerance'. And class, income and religious differences hardly count at all. The danger of supporting this view is that it may encourage the idea of a standard education for all, something, for example, on the model of the strongly centralised and standard French system. The English mess has the very great merit of variety.

Only one of these writers gets back to the fierce, rapid, cinematic sequences of early school life. Those first days seemed to be lived in a series of magnesium flashes. The heart beat fast enough to choke. There were minutes, quarters of an hour, that were as charged as *Macbeth* or *Othello* is. This writer is William Golding. There is no self-pity and very little concealed or obvious showing-off in his little scene. One experiences the battle of the asphalt once more. He was a pretty, spoiled, petulant, fighting boy, a conceited little killer who passionately believed that the child he was half-strangling really enjoyed it. He was astonished when the girls and boys formed into two groups and gave him an hour or so of misery. He ran blubbering home – there is an excellent word or two which exactly gets the odd detachment of childish grief – and rushed to tell his appalling discovery to his mother: 'they do not like me'. Once 'they' had taught him, of course, they did like him: he was in a gang in no time.

Mr John Bratby's book† is diffuse. He takes 270 pages of slow motion, staccato writing, dewy with self-infatuation, to run through the prosaic schooldays and family life of the son of a frustrated suburban father. This work of piety is mildly interesting for its picture of the disappointments of life in Balham. It brings out one very great disadvantage of the aspiring day-boy's life in a big city: that he may glumly trail off to school dragging the family quarrels with him. Children can be far more dulled by family life than by poor schooling. Mr Bratby could have made more of his subject if his manner had been less pictorial and precious. Cut down to the length of one of Brian Inglis's articles he might have made a whey-faced contribution to the John Bull story.

A Prelude

I want the cries of my geese
To echo in space, and the land
They fly above to be astir beneath
The agreement of its forms, as if it were
A self one might inhabit: life
Under leaf, gulls going in
Behind the encroachment of the plough.
Futurity, now open-handedly
Leans to the present and the season
Re-establishes a reign of outwardness,
Begins to build the summer back in cries
Still haunted by the cold, as geese
Cross over skies where mid-March balances.

CHARLES TOMLINSON

†*Breakfast and Elevenses. Hutchinson. 25s.*

Snags

Audible Silence. By LAURENCE WHISTLER. *Hart-Davis. 12s. 6d.*

New Poems, 1961. PEN Anthology. *Hutchinson. 18s.*

The Re-ordering of the Stones. By JON SILKIN. *Chatto & Windus. 10s. 6d.*

Time for Sale. By EDWARD LOWBURY. *Chatto & Windus. 10s. 6d.*

Johnny Alleluia. By CHARLES CAUSLEY. *Hart-Davis. 12s. 6d.*

Laurence Whistler, who has received the Royal Gold Medal for Poetry and two prizes at the Cheltenham Festival, is a very skilful poet. His chief skill is in making his poems musical, euphonious; and this is a skill which many poets today either ignore or are suspicious of. In *New Poems, 1961*, the latest PEN anthology, there are some poems (one is by David Wright) which seem to be brutally and yet quite deliberately cacophonous. More typical are poems which stop short at the barely adequate, offering to the ear or the speaking voice the iron rations of an iambic tick-tock or of unexceptionable but quite uninteresting free-verse cadences. It is a relief to turn from these to Whistler's learned and delicate experiments with metre and rhyme. It looks as if this sort of musicality carries much weight with people who award prizes. And quite right too.

Or quite right up to a point. For there is more to the musicality of poetry than just euphony and prosody. The musicality of poetry is in its fluency, its always moving forward, its unrolling or unwhorling of itself always through and over a lapse of time. And yet to call a poet 'fluent' is not much of a compliment, especially when he writes for instance poems of bereavement, like many in *Audible Silence*. This is because, though we want poetry to flow always, we want it to flow against resistances which divert it, which it must meet and overcome; and when we call a poet 'fluent', we usually mean that there are not enough boulders in the bed of his stream, and that those there are have been worn too smooth. I feel this with Laurence Whistler; particular things are named or imaged in his poems, but they are seldom craggy or angular enough to check the flow perceptibly. For a right sort of fluency, rippling just enough over just enough snags in the current, I'd point to Thomas Kinsella's 'The Laundress', from *New Poems*:

Her chair drawn to the door,
A basket at her feet,
She sat against the sun
And stitched a linen-sheet.
Over harrowed Flanders
August moved the wheat.

A piece to equal Kinsella's in *New Poems* is Ted Hughes's 'Thistles', and one to surpass it perhaps, Glyn Jones's 'Morning'.

Names of things can beautifully check and vary the flow of verse; names of ideas seem by comparison very smooth stones indeed. 'Love', 'sex', 'affection', 'creature', 'unit', 'love', 'end', 'love', 'image', 'universe', 'man's love' – in the first 14 lines of a poem by Jon Silkin, these are the nouns; and their abstractness is typical of a cerebral poet whose mind moves naturally among ideas rather than perceptions. His solution to the musical problem this sets him is interesting and ingenious: by using short unrhymed lines, he weakens the rhythmical impetus to a desultory trickle, in which even the smoothest pebble can make a

little eddy. Unfortunately he has other ways of making snags and snarls – by manipulating what he calls 'syntax, that Interlockage of human action', and this produces sentences like

> Disaffection means letting go what man
> Had in the way that soul, a fabric
> Of experience, is disentwined
> Be he Man as thorn, Man as candle.

Or there is the indeed stupendous 'interlockage' when

> Those who raped Tibetan girls castrating men
> To prevent a fruitful Tibet
> Are accused of genocide.

Despite these hilarious miscalculations, and monotony and obscurity, and a humourless portentousness on almost every page, Silkin is an interesting writer. He is working at a higher level of abstraction than anyone else, even Thom Gunn. And when he succeeds (as I reckon in this book he does just once – with a piece called 'Depths'), the result is a poem unlike anyone else's, and achieved against all the odds. By the same token, his failures are sometimes worth more than other people's successes. But I had better admit that in saying this I am struggling against a strong antipathy to his tone of voice, and to very many of his social and political and moral attitudes.

Short of the turbulent fluency of epoch-making poetry, one can hardly ask for a more satisfying music, a better proportion kept between fret and flow, than in Edward Lowbury's *Time for Sale*, a first collection in which the fluency has been hard earned, has had much to push against. Just what the price has been, in terms of personal suffering, we cannot tell, for it is characteristic of such poetry that the jags and boulders are kept beneath the surface; and no doubt they would have broken surface if the writer's commitment of himself to his art had been of the order that makes for the great, the epoch-making. The hunger which we rightly feel for that sort of total commitment makes us less grateful than we ought to be for poems like these, in which the representative temper of our times (wryly resigned, tentatively hopeful) is expressed with unrepresentative ease and resourcefulness in time-honoured forms like the sonnet. Particularly graceful and witty is a piece called 'Windmills'. Awarders of prizes, please note!

Charles Causley's poems have mostly been scored for brass. And fair enough: there has to be a repertoire for the Band of the Royal Marines, Devonport, as well as for the string quartet. Subtlety isn't everything; and as before Causley here says bold and simple things with memorable emphasis, in the title-poem, in 'My Friend Maloney', and especially in 'Innocent's Song', which is for my money the best poem yet written about the Bomb. This one however is written for jazz (and cries out to be read to it). Where the rhythm is less syncopated, the oompah-oompah mostly conveys not meaning but an illusion of meaning. 'And the shot city, untongued by disaster', 'His body is shot with seventy stars', 'From your shot side the breathing tide', 'The shot sun faltered in the flowing west' – each line is from a different poem, and always 'shot' is there to take the beat, to make a pleasing snag in the torrent of sound. Even in the good poems word is fitted to sense only approximately, so that 'Innocent's Song' is disfigured by a Dylanism, 'Why does he ferry my fireside' (compare 'ferry' in Thomas's 'A Winter's Tale'). And indeed (see 'Healing a Lunatic Boy') Causley seems to want his poems to be brides of unreason. In fact nearly always one can see the reasonable poem underneath the absurd incrustation of conscientiously lunatic epithets *à la* Thomas.

DONALD DAVIE

Come in, Dominic

Teems of Times and Happy Returns. By DOMINIC BEHAN. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

This book has been already absurdly overpraised and absurdly condemned. In the flesh Dominic Behan bears a strong resemblance to his elder brother Brendan, except that he is lean and hungry where Brendan is fat and fulfilled. There is a parallel in their writing: Dominic's play *Posterity be Damned*, slapped on at a venture in the Met in Edgware Road, was a thin man's *Hostage*, without any Joan Littlewood to thicken it and quicken it. In the same way Dominic's autobiographical *Teems of Times*, while having something of the flavour of Brendan's *Borstal Boy*, has nothing like the same meat on it (though it is only fair to remember that Borstal has not suffered the same literary erosion as the slums of Dublin). *Teems of Times* starts long before its author's birth and every so often, when the gas of politics or bad history gets into it, floats up above his head into the intense inane. It is, as they say, an uneven book but, taking the fresh with the facile and the natural with the contrived, we could well cross the gutter to read it. Behan, like Sean O'Casey in his five-volume autobiography, has very entertaining human material to draw on – entertaining, that is, to those who did not have to live with it.

It is possible that Behan, like O'Casey, embroiders his characters a bit, but then,

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being Dubliners, they would have embroidered themselves anyway. Russell Street, where the Behans lived as children, provides a fine portrait gallery, so dramatically lit as to bring out every pockmark, dewlap, and drunken underlip. It has always been observed by visitors that time in Dublin is not the same thing as time in London and, if the Dubliners' leisure is sometimes enforced rather than elected, they have certainly often made a virtue out of this particular necessity, though on other occasions they can make it just a sheer bore. Thus Dominic Behan remarks: 'There were twice as many hours in a tenement day as in any other. Nobody was ever in a rush'. But not being in a rush did not mean keeping quiet. This is a very noisy portrait gallery, all the canvases jockeying their heads off for attention while their portraitist, his brush still dripping, lets out a few shouts on his own. Behan, who is an excellent ballad singer in the street tradition, would never feel at home with silence. It is significant that the chapter in which he records his birth is entitled 'Come in, Dominic. We Know your Knock'. Even though his father, a romantic republican, was in Kilmainham jail when he was born, there were enough other Behans around, let alone the clamorous neighbours, to force any new member of this free-for-all community to make himself heard at all costs.

The rulers of the Behan gallery are the Behan parents, the father, as usual in these cases, a spellbinder (he seems to have influenced the writing of his sons in much the same way as Dylan Thomas's father) and the mother, as usual, a tower of strength. Also conspicuous are 'Mrs Carroll the coalman' whose husband, a stickler for truth, was bumped off as an informer, Mr Clancy the seaman who returns from Liverpool to call his wife 'Whack' and from Holyhead to call her 'Man', the Dickensian Mrs McHugh who is shroud-maker to the nuns, Uncle Peader who had written Ireland's National Anthem, and Giggles Devoy who said 'it was worth our fightin' for our country even if it was only to protect James' Gate Brewery'. Fluther and Joxer ride again and the sparks fly from the hobbyhorse hoofs. The best chapter in the book, which could have made a short story by Frank O'Connor or even by, of all people, Maupassant, concerns a woman who loathes her crippled husband, known as 'Oul Cruk', and keeps regretting her vanished husband, John: 'By God, John, you were a man and a half. What in the name of all that's sacred did I do that you should leave me to live with Oul Cruk!' It does not dawn on one at once that John and Oul Cruk are the same man. The next chapter, which could have made a short story by James Joyce, follows a woman by internal soliloquy to the pawnshop. For such passing illuminations we can forgive the bad puns – 'Dan "Catalcoholic" O'Connell', the overdone easy irony, and the silly vilification of Dev.

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What's Wrong With Omniscience?

The Art of George Eliot. By W. J. HARVEY. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s.*

Mr Graham Hough, seeking an example of the 'solemn, scrupulous, joyless falsification of the whole nature of the artistic activity' which he finds in much modern criticism, refers us to 'the belief . . . that all literature would be *Middlemarch* if it could.' Another interesting aspect of the same joyless situation is that *Middlemarch* maintains the high prestige hinted at by Mr Hough without actually being the kind of novel most of the scrupulous falsifiers really like.

A great deal is known about George Eliot's opinions, and about the way she went to work; but even if this were not so we should observe that the novels themselves are obstinately pre-Jamesian, and *a fortiori* pre-late-Jamesian. She cared about 'form' but does not seem to have thought it antithetical to 'life' or to 'thought'. She knew little, except by a faltering instinct, about 'the image *en disponibilité*'; even when she began, James-like, with the vision of a single character, as she did for example in *Middlemarch*, she was led by the very nature of her intellect and temperament into the rendering of an extensive and detailed social context. Her intelligence, her command over ideas, are a byword, but it is less often noticed that her fiction is never a holiday from ideas; it is both a study of ideas in action, and, ultimately, a contribution to their success in the world. Her work and her life, even in the more puzzling passages of both, imaginatively illustrate ideas; her view of human relationships was determined, in a degree scarcely credible to less intellectual persons, by Feuerbach and Comte. In short, you could hardly apply to her Eliot's famous eulogy of James and say she was undistracted by ideas. Though entirely free of any propagandist intent, she was a teacher – an 'aesthetic teacher'; which is, in its turn, not an expression you would lightly apply to James. Furthermore, she insists on straightforward analysis of character, on 'showing' as well as 'dramatising'; and she frequently interrupts her fiction to play 'the omniscient author',

Henry James observed all this, as well as, on the other hand, a distant *ur*-Jamesian quality in the novels; he wrote very well about them, but with a certain puzzlement which came out when he picked the un-Jamesian *Romola* as the best, though believing it not to be a success. And James is very properly Mr Harvey's point of departure in this rather austere but valuable book. The Master, he says, is the Aristotle of novel-criticism; but his epigoni, like the neo-classic Aristotelians, have developed from their teacher procedures and criteria which have become a 'jargon-ridden routine', so that on the pre-Jamesian novel they are about as relevant as Rymer on *Othello*. To this corrupting tradition he adds two other causes of muddle: the transference to the novel of techniques devised by Shakespearians, and the development of critical methods specially adapted to the discussion of experimental modern novels. His own task is double: to examine some of the assumptions of this kind of criticism, and to prevent its blocking his own view of George Eliot.

Moderation was needed here, and Mr Harvey has it. He also has patience and perceptiveness. In short, he brings it off, and is both penetrating on George Eliot and useful in diminishing the acceptable level of high-flown nonsense in the critical atmosphere. The most memorable chapter of his book examines 'the omniscient author convention'. The idea of the 'novel as dramatic poem' has prevailed for years, though there is just now an audible muttering against it; anyway, it is Mr Harvey's achievement to have looked into the question of how George Eliot made use of the convention of omniscience and to have found that 'what starts up by seeming a clumsy intrusion of the author may be seen to have a necessary function in establishing the kind of "reality" of the story being told, the kind of assent we are asked to accord to the novel.' The intrusion is good or bad according to its success; there is no general rule. If this seems to knock the concept of 'autonomy', then it's time to ask whether autonomy isn't an unsound criterion.

If some of this seems obvious, it should be remembered that the function of criticism at the present time is, in large part, to redeem the obvious. It is obviously a good thing that nobody can possibly limit the number of ways in which good novels may be written. For example, given the nature of George Eliot's intelligence, it seems inevitable and good that she should avoid the Jamesian *disponible*, and also less 'obtrusive' that she should assume 'omniscience'. Anyway, one wonders whether the admirers of late James really want their man to be less obtrusive. He presides; he may not jolt the context with 'ideas' as George Eliot does with her scientific images; but if she uses words like 'nidus' far too often, and so emphasises the presence of a learned lady, he of course leaves a trail of lexical and syntactic peculiarities which no less certainly betray his presence. However, it is not James but the epigoni who suffer at Mr Harvey's hands; his final insult is to tell them that what they are doing is after all rather easy, an unkind thing to say to people who make very great efforts to conceal this fact.

Mr Harvey's subtle and serious observations on the structure, the time-schemes, the imagery and the general moral basis of the novels would be hard to summarise; it is enough to say that nobody since James himself has written with more penetration and good sense on George Eliot.

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Russell's Delight

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'What delighted me about mathematics', Bertrand Russell writes in one of the autobiographical essays in *Fact and Fiction**, 'was that things could be proved'. A few pages earlier, in an essay on the way in which he was taught English history, he tells us:

> The instruction that I had in this subject was unadulterated indoctrination with as little attempt at impartiality as under any totalitarian regime. Everything was treated from the Whig point of view, and I was told, only half in joke, that history means 'hiss-Tory'.

These two passages contain the essence of Lord Russell's politics.

By inheritance and childhood training, he is a Whig; by intellectual inclination and habit, a mathematician. As a Whig, justly proud of belonging to one of the greatest of the great Whig houses, he conceives it his duty to defend his version of the Good Old Cause against the clamour of the mob and the machinations of its rulers. As a mathematician, he cannot shake himself free of the assumption that the cause is to be discovered by a process of abstract reasoning, set out as logically and as precisely as possible. Like most pure scientists, he assumes that the most important and difficult aspect of a problem is the discovery of its theoretical solution, and he imagines that once the theoretical solution has been found only stupidity or malevolence can prevent its being put into effect. Like his great Whig ancestors, he unconsciously postulates as his model of political behaviour an assembly of equals rationally discussing problems of common concern. Both inclinations are profoundly undemocratic. Both unfit him for the manoeuvres and compromises of mass politics. Both seem to me, in certain ways, salutary.

Perhaps as a result of his Whig upbringing, Lord Russell has little sympathy for those in a different tradition; and, as he showed in his *History of Western Philosophy*, he is apt to treat those for whom he has little sympathy with monstrous flippancy. Worse still, his failure to sympathise with those in a different tradition leads to a failure of understanding. At bottom, he believes that all political leaders should behave like Lord John Russell or, failing that, like Lord Palmerston. He is prepared to admit that most contemporary leaders do not, in fact, behave in this way; but one never feels that he realises why they behave as they do, or even that he is particularly interested in finding out. When they fail to reach the standards he sets for them, he writes them off as wicked or irrational, without trying to understand them in their own terms or even to guess what they are likely to do next. In spite of his magisterial attempt to do the Russians justice, he shows little sign of understanding how men who believe that history is on their side are likely to behave. As a result, in spite of the verve and wit with which it is described, his world is curiously two-dimensional – inhabited by ghosts with anecdotes attached to them, not by men.

In part, this may be due to his mathematical education. Indeed, the disadvantages of a pure scientist's approach to politics have rarely been shown more clearly than in the pieces on nuclear disarmament in *Fact and Fiction* and in his new book, *Has Man A Future?*† In both, the argument is clear and logical, presented with icy calm. Russell's case is a surprisingly moderate one. He admits that it would be unfortunate if either the Soviet Union or the United States were to give up nuclear weapons before the other had done so; he recognises that in the long run, peace can only be preserved by a world government possessed of overwhelming force, and in the short run by a multilateral disarmament agreement; he wants Britain to give up her nuclear weapons not only because nuclear weapons are in themselves evil, but because he estimates that Britain would be marginally safer as a result and because he believes that she would have greater political influence as a neutral than she has at present. In other words, Lord Russell differs from the official leadership of the Labour Party on one item alone. He believes that Britain would have more influence as a neutral than she has now; Mr Gaitskell and his colleagues believe the opposite. This is an empirical question which can, at least in principle, be decided by looking at the facts.

Yet Lord Russell does not examine the facts. Indeed, he does not even examine the arguments of those who disagree with him. To him, Macmillan and Gaitskell are simply wicked or stupid. He is no more prepared to argue with them than a professor of mathematics would be prepared to argue with a student who denied that two and two make four. This, I think, explains why Russell, whose arguments are more moderate than those of many orthodox supporters of the CND, should have adopted such immoderate methods. To him, the case for British unilateralism and neutralism is self-evident. If others do not accept his argument, it can only be either because they are deliberately perverse or because they have been systematically bamboozled. It is irrelevant that his own position is in fact separated from that of the official leadership of the Labour Party by a relatively slim margin, to say that two and two make four and a half is as bad as to say that they make 18. Thus even the tiniest differences are exaggerated into fundamental points of principle, so much so that one doubts whether Lord Russell would admit that there is much to choose between Canon Collins and the Pentagon. The world is divided into those who see that two and two make four, and those who don't.

This mathematical approach to politics also robs Russell's positive arguments of much of their value. In *Has Man a Future?*, for example, he argues that peace can only be preserved by a world government, and that a multilateral disarmament agreement offers the most hopeful path towards a world government. This seems to me to make perfect sense; and I doubt whether any leading politician in the West, with the possible exception of President de Gaulle, would disagree. But the really important, and supremely difficult, aspect of disarmament is not the remote prospect of a comprehensive disarmament agreement but the working out of acceptable first steps which would put neither side at a military disadvantage. This aspect does not seem to interest Lord Russell. What excites him is the goal; the path towards it is a secondary matter. In politics, however, it is the first steps which count. It is true that Lord Russell would himself admit this, in theory. In *Has Man A Future?* he lists a number of useful first steps: stopping nuclear tests, stopping the spread of nuclear weapons, an agreement to stop manufacturing nuclear weapons, the control of satellites, and so on. All of these are sensible proposals, and if they were adopted the world would be a far safer place. But all of them involve immense difficulties – technical difficulties as well as lack of goodwill. Yet in Russell's book the proposals are dismissed in a few pages. Russell would probably reply that this is a short book, and that he could not cover the whole field adequately. But in that case why not omit the platitudes about world government, and concentrate on the really important question of how limited disarmament agreements can be reached in a climate of suspicion and hatred?

These are sizable faults, and they have deprived Lord Russell of serious influence as a politician. In the long run, however, it is not as a politician that he must be judged but as a moralist. Here his influence has been almost entirely beneficial. His intellectual intolerance and ruthlessness, and the imaginative audacity which accompany them, have inspired generations of young people; the over-simplification of his arguments, even his refusal to take his opponents seriously, have immense educational value. Russell's systems for putting the world to rights have little practical influence in the short run, since they never take sufficient account of the difficulties. But they do at least set people thinking.

Most salutary of all, it seems to me, is his Whig attitude to authority. The greatest achievement of the Whig aristocracy was to strip Power of its magic. The Crown was transformed from a symbol of divine right into a political convenience; the Church ceased to be God's vicar on earth and became a prosaic piece of social machinery. The Whigs were frequently corrupt, but at least they never cloaked their rule in supernatural trappings. Their attitude to authority can be narrow and selfish, but it is never in the slightest degree reverent. To the Tory, the State is a mystic communion

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MACDONALD

between the dead, the living and the unborn. To a certain kind of democrat, it embodies the majesty of the sovereign people. To the Whig, it is merely a useful device. Those set in authority are men like himself, to be treated with respect only if they earn it, and with bland derision if they do not.

These attitudes pervade Lord Russell's political writings. They derive, as he makes clear in the autobiographical sections of *Fact and Fiction*, from his upbringing. Nineteenth-century history, he tells us, was not something one read about in books; one learnt it from those who had taken part in it. As a result, he escaped the sense of 'individual impotence' that mass society engenders.

> Great events had not the impersonal and remote quality that they have in the books of historians. Throughout the nineteenth century these events intimately concerned people whom I knew, and it seemed to me a matter of course that one should play some part in the progress of mankind . . . I believed, in my very bones, hardly consciously but all the more profoundly, that one should aim at great achievement in the full conviction that such achievement is possible.

These are, of course, intensely, almost offensively, aristocratic attitudes. It seems to me that the real task of socialism is to democratise them. A world of Bertrand Russells would, no doubt, be intolerable; but a world in which his attitude to authority was general would be a great deal better than the present one.

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SECKER & WARBURG

The Pasternak Affair

Courage of Genius. By ROBERT CONQUEST. *Collins* and *Harvill*. 18*s*.

Tolstoy Remembered. By SERGEI TOLSTOY. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson*. 25*s*.

The Pasternak affair was a kind of cultural Hungary; as with Hungary, the details have remained pretty obscure. But now Robert Conquest has made a large clearing of sense among the charges and counter-charges with his helpful documentary, *Courage of Genius*. No one, of course, would ever accuse Mr Conquest of impartiality, but he knows the background very well, has gathered a mass of material, clearly plots the progress of the whole nasty business and keeps his own interjections to a curt minimum. Until Olga Ivinskaya and her daughter are released from prison and more details appear about the unofficial reactions of Soviet writers, this is likely to stand as the best summary of the whole business.

> Pasternak once told a Western journalist 'that "I first had to earn the name I had won, not by poetry, but by prose, by something that might well cost more labour, more effort, more time, and whatever else" . . . He had a duty to bear witness – the witness of an artist, not a politician'.

He performed this duty with impeccable courage and integrity. But it is hard to understand how he believed that this great prose work which was somehow to supersede his, to him, unsatisfying poetry, could, in Russia, avoid politics. He wasn't, of course, to know that propagandists on this side of the Iron Curtain, from *Time* to, oddly enough, the *Figaro Littéraire*, would use *Dr Zhivago* as a weapon in the Cold War and that, as a result, Party hatchet-men would be turned on him, and fifth-rate literary enemies like Surkov would be given a perfect chance to vent their jealousy. But he had lived through the Revolution, the Terror and the Stalinist repression. He knew from his own intimate experience the great and constant pressure with which political theory can mould every detail of life, however resolute the artist's detachment.

In his *Essay in Autobiography* he wrote of the deaths of his friends and fellow-poets Mayakovsky, Yesenin, Tsvetayeva, Yashvili and Fadeyev:

> a man who decides to commit suicide puts a full stop to his being, he turns his back on his past, he declares himself a bankrupt and his memories to be unreal. They can no longer help or save him, he has put himself beyond their reach. The continuity of his inner life is broken, his personality is at an end. And perhaps what finally makes him kill himself is not the firmness of his resolve but the unbearable quality of this anguish which belongs to no one, of this suffering in the absence of the sufferer, of this waiting which is empty because life has stopped and can no longer fill it.

I wonder if this annihilation of identity becomes more common under extreme political pressure, when the whole of society is forced to a single theory of history? That brilliant generation of Russian writers went under not only because their private lives were unbearable but because they had no private lives left. They were involved, instead, in the process of history. They had ceased to be individuals and had become statistics. Perhaps the so-called 'free world' is free largely because it is possible to live meaningfully wholly apart from politics. The professionals may manoeuvre and bicker, but the nearest approach the general public ever makes to politics is a moral gesture: sitting down in Trafalgar Square and the rest. That is, we still believe, however fruitlessly, that the state is answerable to the moral convictions of its individual citizens. According to Marxist-Leninist theory, this is nonsense – which is what the editors of *Novy Mir* tried to persuade Pasternak in their heavy-footed, blinkered but not totally unintelligent rejection of the manuscript of his novel. They implied that the historical inevitability of the Revolution conferred a kind of automatic virtue on those who were on its side. Pasternak's crime was to ignore this simple, preordained code of values and judge his characters merely as individuals.

He once remarked that 'The powers of Thomas Mann and Rilke combined in one person – that would produce a work of art'. The originality of *Dr Zhivago*, I think, lies in the way he succeeded in doing precisely that: he wrote the only novel I know which describes from the inside what it really feels like to write a poem, to create out of one's chaotic experience an order which illuminates the life around. But the tragedy of *Dr Zhivago* is that the poetry was hopelessly not enough; the forces at work around it were too powerful. So the doctor's own verse survives merely as an epitaph to the novel, a fragmentary appendix to the process of history. Pasternak's artistic honesty lay in creating with equal force the poet and the circumstances which made poetry impossible. No wonder the main narrative finishes the year before Mayakovsky committed suicide.

Mr Conquest quotes an interview in which Pasternak said of the war:

> So many sacrifices cannot result in nothing . . . Something new comes forth, a new view of life, a sense among humanity of its own value.

As well as being vicious in their muck-slinging and vindictive in framing Mme Ivinskaya, the Soviet authorities were also stupid: they believed apparently that this new view was necessarily decadent, a self-seeking and self-regarding nostalgia for the past. But at the same time, there was something rather unreal in Pasternak's attitude: having borne such eloquent witness to the destructive but inescapable pressure which politics exerts on private lives, how could he believe that his testimony, however great its artistic merit, would be considered in Russia as anything but political?

Not that the clash beween theory and practice is anything new in Russian society. In a touching, stilted way, *Tolstoy Remembered*, by the novelist's eldest son Sergei, shows the Russian neurosis of the soul at work. That continual quest for final answers, for a system which would overarch all the emotional, tea-drinking, haphazard vitality of the Russian upper classes, ended in the break-up of that whole generous world, the world which Tolstoy celebrated in his earlier novels. The book demonstrates the disastrous effect on Tolstoy's most intimate circle of the transition from *War and Peace* to *Resurrection*: neurasthenia, anger, money squabbles, jealousy and constant recrimination, all, apparently, so that the greatest novelist of his age should end up a Tolstoyan. It seems a terrible waste. Sergei Tolstoy's book is little more than an expanded version of his diaries, but it includes a wonderful letter from his father on not wasting one's life, and a good description of the last hours at Astapovo.

A. ALVAREZ

La Noia

The Empty Canvas. By ALBERTO MORAVIA. Translated by Angus Davidson. *Secker & Warburg.* 18*s.*

The Hard Life. By FLANN O'BRIEN. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 15*s.*

Devil of a State. By ANTHONY BURGESS. *Heinemann.* 16*s.*

The Leather Boys. By ELIOT GEORGE. *Blond.* 16*s.*

Bethnal Green. By MICHAEL FISHER. *Cassell.* 16*s.*

Boredom can be a fashion as well as an affliction, and Alberto Moravia's latest novel has been carefully tailored to fit in with a *nouvelle vague* mood of the moment. The hero of *The Empty Canvas* is a wealthy young painter suffering from *la noia*, which is heavier than boredom and could once have been translated as The Spleen. He is not only jaded and morose, but also feels cut off from reality; he looks at an ordinary glass tumbler and finds it absurd, like a drunk man or a character in Sartre. Trying to escape from sterility he takes a mistress, a hefty teenager called Cecilia, but the cure turns out to be worse than the disease; her infidelities consume him with jealousy, and he makes frantic efforts to master her, smothering her (almost literally, in one bizarre scene) with his money.

A car-crash restores his sense of reality; he feels he may at last be capable of love, and that at any rate he can now connect up with the outside world. He looks out of the hospital window – and yes, a tree is a tree is a tree. An obsessional story, but not obsessional enough; what needs to be analysed minutely as a gradually unfolding state of mind is presented as a disease, and by the end of the book the word boredom dances meaninglessly in front of one's eyes. Moravia's professional skill keeps the whole thing moving but can't save it from looking preposterous, except in individual scenes like the hero's sticky interview with his mother, which is excellent.

'To thine old self be true,' says somebody in *The Hard Life*. Not a bad motto for an author with a high reputation for comedy, but Flann O'Brien disregards his own advice, and the new book isn't a patch on *At Swim-Two-Birds*. It's written on the shaky assumption that unexampled awfulness is automatically funny; which is not to say that there aren't some bright moments. The story, which hardly counts, is about two brothers brought up in a dingy corner of turn-of-the-century Dublin by their quarrelsome uncle, Ferdinand Collopy. One of them sets out for London full of Uncle Ponderevo schemes, and sends back a patent medicine which without altering his appearance makes Collopy's weight zoom up to 35 stone. Hoping for a miracle, Collopy sets out for Rome, but meets disaster: he disgraces himself in a wild audience with the Pope, and is killed when a theatre gallery collapses under his weight. The witty parts of the book are all in the talk, particularly in the half-baked argumentation of Collopy's colloquies with his friend, a German priest called Father Fahrt. The humour, it will be seen, is decidedly primitive; the book is quickly (I almost wrote Swiftly) taken over by a mania about micturition, and closes with a bout of nausea. A pity, because Collopy has the makings of a memorable character; but just how joyless he is becomes apparent as

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soon as one recalls that he must have been festering away in his semi-basement right through Bloomsday.

The Hard Life is dedicated to Graham Greene; so, by an odd coincidence, is *Devil of a State*, an altogether more genial offering. Anthony Burgess has concocted an imaginary caliphate in East Africa, bursting at the seams with lecherous Europeans, improbable half-castes, head-hunters, demagogues and miscellaneous flotsam. At the centre is Lydgate, a harassed official and reluctant bigamist; on the periphery, since Mr Burgess has a weakness for unlikely names, are characters called Sebastian Hup and Bishopspawn and Mudd, and lots of Australians who christen their homes Sleepitoff and Knot-tu-wurri. Pidgin English and multi-racial jokes are worked pretty hard; they'd seem funnier if Mr Burgess hadn't been Scooped long ago. He is obviously inventive and sharp-eyed, but the whole book needs pruning and tidying up.

The Leather Boys is by 'Eliot George', a pseudonym which suggests a curiously inverted relationship with the Great Tradition; but there's no further connection between the author of *Scenes from Clerical Life* and this potboiler about motor-bike gangs bashing one another to death. More thuggery in *Bethnal Green*, which is set in an area well-served by sociologists and crime-reporters but rarely, since the days of Arthur Morrison, by decent novelists. It always rains on Sunday in the fictional East End, and though Michael Fisher's descriptions of Brick Lane and Club Row have the ring of truth, his actual story never gets away from the usual rigmarole about the cosh-boy with the heart of gold. I sentence him to set his next novel in Woodford.

JOHN GROSS

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Moneymen

The Multi-Millionaires. By GORONWY REES. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s.*

In Dickens's novels the virtuous usually become rich. Even Mr Micawber is well on the way to making a fortune in Australia when we take leave of him. Contemporary moral attitudes are more complex. It is rather shameful nowadays to be a multi-millionaire, and just for that reason particularly alluring. People want to know about the rich with the same avidity that they once wanted to know about courtesans. Mr Paul Getty week by week gets more Hickey inches, I should suppose, than any other public figure. Money has nosed ahead of sex in the publicity stakes, enjoying, as it does, the advantage which sex once had of being discreditable. Anyone will admit to adultery, but unearned income is as shaming as once were marital infidelities. Strong protests are being made at Oxford, I see, because a female undergraduate has been sent down for being found in bed with a man at four o'clock in the afternoon. The public reaction would have been very different if she had been caught paying money into a post office savings account.

These matters are urbanely and perceptively gone into by Mr Goronwy Rees. After studies of six of the leading moneymen of our time he tries, in a final chapter, to work out what traits they have in common. It is not so easy as might be supposed. Apart from all being rich, his moneymen would seem to be no less diverse in their tastes, manner of life, hopes and desires, than any other six individuals. M. Boussac lives elegantly and monogamously, and is a noted figure on the turf; Herr Krupp, one feels, would be happier in a Franciscan Order; Mr Getty sits in the upper reaches of the Ritz among Coca Cola bottles, an eager but failed matrimonialist. Mr Onassis has the *Société des Bains de Mer* at Monte Carlo, his yacht Christina, and the company of Mme Callas to vary the monotony of operating his fleet of tankers; Mr Clore his country estates and dinner parties, and Lord Marks the satisfaction of bringing *haute couture* to every High Street.

One of the few traits they all share, according to Mr Rees, is the rather obvious one of an enormous concentration of purpose on making money. They have a way of rolling themselves up into one ball, which is then tossed into a roulette wheel. Sure enough, it usually comes up with a *plein*. There is also (a point I have noted myself in occasional contacts with the rich) a sort of dreariness, a lacklustre quality, about their houses, their treasures, their conversation, even their very clothes and bodies. Only their wives are sometimes alluring. Perhaps one feels that, so yoked, they must be restless and dissatisfied.

The fact is, I suppose, that the only way to get any satisfaction out of money is to spend it. Yet this precludes accumulating money on any considerable scale. Multi-millionaires, as Mr Rees indicates, are usually very economical. They only spend for a purpose, whereas extravagance consists in spending pointlessly – an activity in which no multi-millionaire can engage without running the risk of soon ceasing to be one. This, incidentally, is why consorting with the rich, far from being financially advantageous, usually involves one in pecuniary loss. They never pay for their taxis, theatre programmes, rounds of drinks; never produce tips, or meet any of the small incidental charges of an evening out. In truth, they never have any money on them. They dare not. In their pleasures, Mr Rees writes, the rich are 'apt to show the particular kind of hypocrisy which is the tribute made by those who make money to those who spend it'. True, but the tribute is parsimoniously disbursed.

As Mr Rees found when he embarked upon this study, serious and exact information is difficult to come by. In the popular newspapers, pulp magazines and other mass communication media, riches and the rich are constantly romanticised, just as, in all Leftist attitudes, their uselessness, if not criminality, is constantly implied. But where is the authoritative survey of them – of their ways, tastes and aptitudes? About the poor we are abundantly informed, and, in any case, can easily learn from personal experience. To quote one of Mr Rees's happier phrases, 'it is after all not difficult to be poor'. Someone should undertake a large-scale survey of the rich. Why not Mr Rees, who has made so promising a start? And what could be more fitting than that the Rockefeller Foundation should finance the enterprise?

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

St Helena: German Style

The Kaiser and his Court. The diaries of ADMIRAL GEORG VON MÜLLER. Edited by WALTER GÖRLITZ. Translated by Mervyn Savill. *Macdonald.* 50*s.*

Dollfuss. By GORDON BROOK-SHEPHERD. *Macmillan.* 25*s.*

St Helena is the fate of most dethroned monarchs. William II, last German emperor, experienced St Helena while still theoretically on the throne. The Emperor was supreme War Lord. Therefore, on the outbreak of war in 1914, William II left for the front just as his grandfather had done in 1866 and 1870. The old gentleman perhaps exercised some influence on those campaigns. William II exercised none. The Chief of the General Staff had now become Commander-in-Chief for all practical purposes. William II was told nothing of the battles beforehand, and little of them afterwards. Yet duty kept him pinned near the front, keeping up a pretence of military activity. Each day he poured over maps which revealed nothing; listened to reports which contained no information; announced decisions which had no bearing on events. His courtiers sustained the pretence, and quarrelled among themselves. Boredom, interrupted by ceremonial, shaped their days.

Admiral von Müller was head of the Emperor's naval cabinet: in more practical terms, the voice of the Naval Staff at court. He seems to have been fairly sensible and fairly stupid, neither a Prussian nor an aristocrat. He had the craze, common among Germans and universal with their military leaders, for keeping a diary. No doubt time hung heavy on his hands, and he welcomed a regular occupation. After the war he first decided to destroy his diaries, then spent his declining years tinkering with their text. They have now been edited with unnecessary portentousness and many footnotes, some of which are inaccurate. Though there is nothing startling in them, they give a good impression of the futile 'supreme headquarters', and even provide a little information here and there. The only serious topic is the question whether to introduce unrestricted U-boat warfare.

Müller pushed this in accordance with Admiralty opinion; and the generals of course wanted it too. Bethmann Hollweg, the Chancellor, was almost its only opponent, recognising in his melancholy way that unrestricted sinkings would bring America into the war, but that they would have to be tried all the same. Bethmann was the essential 'good German', appreciating the right path and then dithering inevitably down the wrong one. He hoped all along for a compromise peace. It was for this reason, according to Müller, that he pushed Hindenburg and Ludendorff into the supreme command. Instead, of course, they pushed him out of office, and Müller pushed with them.

These political affairs occupy a small part of the diaries. Most of them deal with trivialities, court squabbles, and personal grievances. Though William II regarded himself as on active service, 'facing the enemy with drawn sword', he also maintained Imperial dignity by glitter and glamour. There were banquets with champagne; a stable of fine horses, complete with grooms; and occasionally the Empress, which Müller disliked most of all. He complained to his diary, and less often to William II. In wartime, he insisted, a ruler should work instead of strutting round like a peacock. But what could he work at? Müller wanted William to go back to Berlin, but there was equally little to do there. William II had not acquired the taste of British monarchy for inspecting factories; and his oratory, though telling, got out of hand. However sensibly he started, he could never end without insisting that every striker would be shot. So back he went to the front, east or west, with Müller grumbling at the amount of coal consumed by the imperial train. The court played *skat*, and the courtiers looked at their watches. William II would have made an admirable constitutional monarch. He had the right curiosity about small matters; the slightly irreverent remark; and the deeper docility. Instead he had to play at being The All-Highest, The All-Powerful. Either he was mad or pretended to be so, and no wonder.

Austria between the wars was another version of St Helena: a former governing class in exile in its own country. An illustration in Mr Brook-Shepherd's book shows Dollfuss in the fancy uniform of a vanished Empire; and Mr Brook-Shepherd describes the preposterous constitution manufactured by Dollfuss in May 1934 as 'the first and almost certainly the last attempt in the 20th century to erect the Kingdom of God upon earth' – a blasphemous substitution, one feels, of God for the Habsburgs. However the general trend of Mr Brook-Shepherd's biography is in the other direction. Dollfuss is presented as an Austrian who made his peace with reality, the creator of new Austria not the mourner of the dead one. The evidence for this is slight; and the argument is not strengthened by the sanctimonious tone which Mr Brook-Shepherd has caught from other peddlers of the 'Austrian mission'. Mr Brook-Shepherd has some new material on the Nazi *putsch* of 25 July 1934 in the course of which Dollfuss was murdered. It is a pity that he has spoilt his book by turning Dollfuss into a hero; and still more of a pity that he seeks to elevate Dollfuss by blackening the Austrian Social Democrats. They had many faults; but in the struggle of these years between fascism and democracy they were on the right side, and Dollfuss was on the wrong one.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Dolce Vita: Old Style

Three Comedies. By CARLO GOLDONI. *Oxford.* 16*s.*

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tion at her job ('my passion and my pastime'), that today she would find herself President of The Greeters and running the Statler Hilton. 'Women, who are the best thing that good Mother Nature ever brought into the world', always triumph in Goldoni.

In *The Boors* (*I Rusteghi*), a dialect play, four crusty old Venetians are wheedled into benevolence by a coalition of women, though it takes three acts to soften them and bring the timid lovers to felicity; except for a brief moment of carnival, the play unfolds slowly in the dim seclusion of great shuttered rooms. By contrast, *The Fan* wafts all the characters of a small Lombardy village through a series of light adventures, 'where is it now?' being the theme. The shoemaker, the apothecary, the innkeeper and other character parts almost outplay the traditional figures of the lovers, the widow, the fop. The pleasure of recognising familiar convention is joined to the pleasure of recognising ordinary life. Out of the property box come the soubrette and pantaloon; then suddenly, live conversation replaces backchat. 'What are you doing?' asks the disdainful Count. 'Mending your old shoes,' retorts the tapping shoemaker – a nasty knock for his pride. When comedy was half gymnastics, and tragedy three-quarters lamentation, a play that opened with 'How do you like this coffee?' was a surprise.

Among other volumes which have appeared in this new series, the Oxford Library of Italian Classics, the *Literary Works* of Machievelli include the witty, improper *Mandragola*, a play Goldoni both admired and deplored. The witty, the gorgeous and the pastoral provide familiar moods in Italian literature; today, Goldoni's ease and shrewdness is the most beguiling mood of all.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Allright, Junkies

JOHN COLEMAN

Nothing predisposed me to go and see Jack Gelber's play, *The Connection*, when it floated into London on a raft of exotic publicity earlier this year. It sounded fashionable in the worst way, an offshoot of all that increasingly silly, saintly Kerouackery: it was about drug addicts and the two I had known had been less than enchanting: it had actors planted in the audience, liable to shout encouragingly at any minute: and – anyway – it closed before anyone could persuade me to change my mind. It is Miss Shirley Clarke's film conversion of this piece, now showing at the Academy, that has made me wonder if I wasn't much too hasty: because the film, *The Connection*, is one of the most amazing things I've ever seen in the cinema. I nearly said 'of its kind', but that would have been meaningless. For this is, in its very bone and musculature, a unique film. It can't be done again and it seems doubtful if there are any deep lessons to be learnt from it, unless it's the one about having the courage of your convictions. The film was financed like a play, some 200 backers took shares in it, and most of the original stage cast took their original parts: there are no stars.

Shirley Clarke's film is unique in that it exploits a device only the most dismal plagiarist would repeat and in that this device is manipulated with such dexterity and such concern for emotional pitch that it transcends its gimmickry and *makes*, in at least two senses, the film. In the play there were eight junkies on stage, four of them jazzmen (the Freddie Redd Quartet) who played for roughly half an hour during each of the two acts. Flitting on and off stage were Jim Dunn and Jaybird, master of ceremonies and writer respectively, who were controlling the action and had, in fact, imported the junkies for our delectation: so much one can judge from the published script. There were also two photographers, explained by Jim as follows:

> Allright, junkies. During our trip we will incorporate an allied art – the motion picture . . . And if everything goes right, you will be able to see the film version of the play.

From this extra presence, Miss Clarke's film obviously grew, and with enormous gains in credibility and control, as well as with substantial changes of meaning. The Gelber play lent itself to all manner of Pirandellian interpretations: when Leach, the owner of the on-stage pad, pointed out, 'It's not really real,' and was truthful, this surely made for ambiguous shocks when the writer got drawn into the action to the extent of going off for his first fix himself. These constant switches of the levels of reality must have been enraging. The film transforms all this jiggery-pokery into a strength.

The film that we see, comfortably insulated in the cinema, is presented as the genuine article, made by Jim Dunn (converted into a mildly pretentious, stammering young movie director: 'I'm not interested in making a Hollywood picture – I know something about Eisenstein and Flaherty') and a negro assistant, J. J. Burden. The play's photographers have fused with the play's Dunn and Jaybird. Dunn has paid out enough to give the junkies a fix or two and is installed, shooting the footage we see, as the film opens. There are two cameras, his and J.J.'s, and whenever Jim Dunn intrudes into the action, nipping around with a hand-light or hand-camera, we know that it is thanks to J.J.'s lens that we can see him. When J.J. makes a couple of fleeting appearances, presumably Jim is operating the other camera. It is, if you like, an acted documentary; and it is possible to go mad by thinking on it too closely, for Jim further beseeches his genuine articles, slumped around the big dirty pad where he's on location, to *act* a little for him: he isn't averse to their doing 'bits' for the camera and for the greater interest of his film, documentary though it is ('where's your capsule comments, man?').

The four main junkies (the others have little to do beyond playing excellent jazz from time to time) make mostly ironic dabs at this, spouting wildly, sometimes getting caught up in the game but generally losing the thread in mid-action or mid-story. Those, therefore, who would rather know exactly where they sit in relation to the realities may like to tell themselves that, from their cinema-seat, they are watching actors who are pretending to be drug-addicts who are occasionally pretending to be actors for the benefit of the man with money who wants to make a really swinging film about their activities. In fact, the difficulties of adjustment that all this implies are non-existent: what one sees is the hour or so's footage shot by both men and later put together by J.J. for public showing: Jim Dunn was presumably too disgusted by his fall, and by his failure to get the film he hoped for, to realise that what he had got, with *him* in it, was a magnificent 'documentary' in its own right.

For Jim gets drawn in, decisively. He invites his first fix and is sick; after, he wambles about with a hand-camera while we suddenly get shots of a poster, stove, tape-recorder, ashtray, fire-bucket, light-bulb, and window cracked into a spider's web. The negro Sam embarks on a long, impossible story and Jim's camera loses interest, goes after an insect's staggering progress up the wall. 'There's nothing happening *visually*,' he abruptly complains. 'Visually?' offers Sam, poking his head through a hoop.

The film is strewn with this sort of aside. The separate worlds of the junkies want to stay closed to Dunn's intrusions and when the lights bother them or he cajoles too hard, they flinch or snarl and now and then even unite in a complicity of jeering laughter. Every performance falls perfectly into place, from the jerky psychopath of Ernie to the evilly beautiful Cowboy, the connection himself, whose drawling, metallic certainties uncoil with the slow force of springs. The principal actors are constantly fascinating to watch, constantly in character, drilled to the yawn, one feels; and the result is that one stays as uninvolved in their predicament as they themselves, as real junkies, might be. Blessedly, though I suppose rather oddly, one never felt the need for therapy or a broom to sweep their problems away: one didn't really *sense* problems, only an activity. Something jarred, then, at those few introductions of awareness left over from the more wordy play. There are one or two other disruptions

of the prevailing dulled intensity: Sister Salvation, brought up to the flat by Cowboy as a cover, is also a theatrical presence in the cause of variety and pathos and I could have done with less of her; the mute, listless simpleton who lurches in again with his record-player and a Charlie Parker disc to conclude the revel comes too pat for this sort of *verismo;* there is a rapid glimpse of J.J. filming in a mirror, but in such a position that he couldn't himself have taken the shot. Otherwise, *The Connection* seems to me to be technically and emotionally flawless.

These will certainly appear to some as large claims for a small film with an unsavoury subject. Perhaps I should stress once more the infinitely patient and resourceful artistry of Shirley Clarke's direction. It might also be conceded that some of the director's habitual problems – the establishment of motivation, the best angle for a shot – were simplified by the circumstances of her assignment: the only fitfully coherent junkies could be eavesdropped on more like apes than people; the single closed set limited what the camera could do; and the camera, anyway, was a privileged participant in this film, with an intermittently starring role. If we allow so much, we are still left with a fresh, unfussy treatment of a subject mined with hazards. And, though I should hesitate to put too much weight on this, the film does contrive to incorporate its own condemnation of what goes on under the cameras' noses. Behind one of them is the fugitive, barely glimpsed J.J., recognised as 'hip', reticent, a monosyllabic recorder, whose silences may be felt by the sensitive as somehow judicial.

Les Adolescentes (Cinephone and Jacey), helped by Alberto Lattuada, takes a 16-year-old girl from an awakening to erotic organ music – shades of Torre Nilssen – through a day that spins by like a dwarf *Dolce Vita* up to an early bedtime in a castle with Christian Marquand. After which she sensibly goes home and stares at the wall. Pacy and funny in the middle, slow and pretentious everywhere else. Mervyn LeRoy's *The Devil at Four O'Clock* (Odeon, Leicester Square) has Spencer Tracy as a brandy priest on a volcanic island, Frank Sinatra as a bad convict who kisses a good blind girl, and a denouement in which some little lepers are saved and the island blows up, carrying with it Tracy, Sinatra and two other useful actors.

Labourers Lost

ROGER GELLERT

On a cold, dark winter morning, five workmen gather on a railway platform, bound for their new assignment – a building site, where they are to work for the rest of the week. City gents drift by, burbling inanely; then the train comes. They arrive at the site, meet their fellow-workers, and join in an hour's apathetic road-laying. After this comes the piece-work, with its incentive to get a move on. The men divide into two teams to attack two sections of the job. They start mixing cement, laying foundations. One team notices with alarm that the other is getting well ahead of them, then sees why: they are packing the foundations with large quantities of earth as well as cement. Dangerous? Well, say the offenders, we'll be miles away by the time the houses fall down. It rains. They retire into a small tarpaulined shelter, drink tea, swop dirty or sentimental anecdotes,

This weekend in

THE SUNDAY TIMES

THE MIND OF THE RUSSIANS

A Psychiatrist's Analysis

What combination of inborn national characteristics and political indoctrination has produced the RUSSIAN OF THE 1960s? This question is one for either a student of politics or a psychiatrist — and in LORD TAYLOR the two combine: he is both an eminent psychiatrist and a former Labour M.P.

In THE SUNDAY TIMES this Sunday Lord Taylor analyses the Russian character with all the clinical objectivity of the doctor's consulting-room. He traces the various behaviour-patterns of the Russian personality — including the schizoid and manic-depressive — and examines their possible effects on Soviet home and foreign policy.

"When people behave strangely in the eyes of their neighbours . . . it is always because they behave *differently*," he says. "It is as though we were facing each other on a playing-field. We know the game is rugger, they know it is soccer. Both sides agree only that it is football — and that the other side is cheating."

The Russians have been evaluated by economists, politicians and sociologists — but here uniquely is a PSYCHIATRIST'S EYE-VIEW of them.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Eton's Head Examines their Place Today—and their Future

PUBLIC SCHOOLS — their very name sounds a summons to battle in Britain's class-divided society. "Merge them with the State system — they're nurseries of privilege and breeding-grounds of lop-sided, outmoded attitudes!" growls the Extreme Left. . . . "Bastions of all that's finest in our British way of life — produce self-reliance, honesty, straight-bats, tomorrow's leaders!" huffs the Extreme Right. . . . "Well, they do at least set a certain scholastic standard," say the Middlemen, "but couldn't they make them just a little more accessible for the rest of us?". . .

Prejudice aside, what is the case for and against the public schools? An important question these days when more parents than ever before — many of them not themselves public school products — are clamouring to get their children into these expensive establishments. Are these schools giving value for money? Are they striving to retain their exclusiveness — or are they prepared to lower their ancient draw-bridges to more boys from grammar and primary schools?

In THE SUNDAY TIMES this weekend DR. ROBERT BIRLEY — headmaster of ETON for the past thirteen years, and the expert who advised on the post-war educational rehabilitation of Germany — examines the public school system and the arguments for its retention or abolition.

THE SUNDAY TIMES

in every way a worth-while newspaper

N.B.

Next week on ITV

Monday November 27 at 7.00 p.m.,* 'All Our Yesterdays'. Twenty-five years ago: Edward VIII Visits Wales. Duke of Norfolk to Wed. Opening of San Francisco Bridge. John Barrymore's Fourth Marriage. Suicide of French Minister. Monday November 27 at 10.30 p.m.,† 'Drawn From Life': JOHN BERGER talks with a woman who has an administrative job, fond of travel, who describes a moment at a party. Berger talks also with a charge-hand rigger in a dry-docks, who describes what working with his mates means to him. Berger shows them paintings, all in different ways connected with their experiences. Thursday November 30 at 9.40 p.m, 'A RESOUNDING TINKLE'—the prize-winning play by N. F. Simpson. Have you an elephant in your garden? Have you ever been asked to form a government? Been caught in a television studio during production of a play? You have all these things to look forward to—and more. Friday December 1 at 8.55 p.m, BOOTSIE & SNUDGE: the Rt. Hon. Sec's half-yearly accounts are £115 short. B. and S. search for the missing cash while the Rt. Hon. Sec is asleep. Friday December 1 at 10.35 p.m, ‡'Appointment With . . .' Malcolm Muggeridge talks with MARIAN ANDERSON, the famous American negro singer.

GRANADA TV

**All stations except ATV, Anglia, Grampian.*

†All stations except TWW, Ulster.

‡All stations except ATV, Grampian, Scottish, TWW, Tyne-Tees, Westward.

tease one another, fart, philosophise, till the rain stops. The foreman now proposes that they clean out a muddy ditch. One of the labourers, who happens to be feeling bloody-minded, says no, not unless you issue us with gumboots. The others take up the cry. Authority cannot, or will not, help, and most of the men walk out on the job. One pinches a shovel to make good a bit of the money he's chucking away. We see them back on the same railway platform, the same evening, homeward bound, rueful but defiant.

So runs a bald synopsis of Henry Chapman's *That's Us*, which the Royal Court slipped in for a week from their Cambridge outpost, and about which most of the critical classes have been very posh and dismissive, declining to admit that that was *them*. I don't know why. Mr Chapman writes from experience, so there is no question of patronising the workmen, or inflating them into sentimental symbols. Nor is he a naive writer: the play is as cunningly shaped as a sonata, falling into contrasted movements, each with its own flavour and tempo. After the fever of the cementing section, the shelter symposium is so snug and absorbing that one feels, well back in the stalls, the bitter disinclination to lurch back into the cold, wet afternoon. William Gaskill's direction was a miracle of precision and tact; there wasn't a phoney note in the performances, all of which were good, if none outstanding. The human condition was writ small but clear, and my only regret was that Mr Chapman imposed too much formal repetitiveness on his dialogue: 'Such a game it is!' from the little Jew, 'Don't talk to me about . . .' from the pathetic gaffer, and so on.

The intrepid amateurs of the Tower, Canonbury, have just – with gusto – revived a real collector's piece: the *Penthesilea* of Kleist, perhaps the most hilarious tragedy ever penned by a man of genius. It would need an Arthur Marshall to do justice to this epic of the Amazon Queen's thumping passion for Achilles, a sado-masochistic fantasy of elephantine proportions. The hunted hero, half fascinated, half alarmed, finally meets a *Liebestod* to end all *Liebestode*: Penthesilea, having set her hounds on him in a fit of bacchic frenzy, shoots him down from a tree with one well-aimed shaft, then joins the dogs in tearing him to pieces with her teeth.

The Ham Hand

MAX HARRIS

Throughout Australia it has become a dictum among the more sophisticated saloon-bar wits that an Australian play cannot achieve international stature until it has been rejected by the Adelaide Festival of Arts. Adelaide has set up as the antipodean Edinburgh and has done very well to date – except in the matter of indigenous drama. The first fiasco occurred in 1960 when Seymour's *One Day of the Year* was rejected by the Festival's Board of Governors on the grounds that it would prove offensive to the returned soldiers of the nation. Adelaide theatre people produced the play despite this and it was a great success. This year's Festival brought an even more spectacular rejection. The Board of Governors vetoed Patrick White's play *The Ham Funeral* on a variety of extraordinary grounds: bad box office; coterie experimentalism; offensive to public delicacy (a foetus is uncovered in a rubbish tin); and the author unknown! The decision started a nation-wide theatre controversy in January of this year, with Hugh Hunt, the retiring Trust Director, on the side of the angels. His successor, Neil Hutchison, made no bones about his intense dislike of the play. In the event the play was powerfully presented on 15 November by the Adelaide University Theatre Guild.

The Ham Funeral lies right outside the current naturalist Australian tradition. Written back in White's expatriate days, the Australian component of cane-cutters, bushwackers, ratbags, drongos and good mates is totally absent. With the setting in a Pimlico lodging-house the leading characters are surreal images of landlord, landlady and lodger, with a baleful chorus of Edwardian relatives. White's main affinity is with Pinter – an affinity but not an influence since *The Ham Funeral* precedes Pinter's work by at least a decade. White's use of an irresistible nightmare logic is allied to a quality rare in Australian theatre at least: an original, rhythmical, and sustainedly beautiful use of language. In the developing idiom of Australian theatre White's play is highly exciting because it marks the first possibility of lyricism and of an extension of the present *Seventeenth Doll* naturalism. In addition White as playwright has indulged the ghoulish comic vision which has only become strongly apparent in his prose in the recent *Riders in the Chariot*. *The Ham Funeral* gives one mighty new role to contemporary acting: Mrs Lusty, a massive, hot-fleshed matriarch, memorably played by the distinguished West Australian actress, Joan Bruce. It is likely that London will see White's new and more Australianised play, *The Season at Sarsaparilla*, before this one. Either play is bound to alter profoundly the English image of Australian drama.

Masked Man

FRANCIS NEWTON

Each of the eminent American jazz musicians who have raided London simultaneously this week would deserve an article to himself – all except Dave Brubeck, whose act now seems as galvanised, lifeless and superficial as a sponsor's announcement. There is really no mystery about the recent appearance of a Brubeck record in the Hit Parade (the real one, where a man has to compete with Presley and the idiot children). Good artists get there sometimes, but some men belong there by fate. One congratulates a good showman on knowing his business, and passes on

This still leaves several artists who cannot be dismissed. There is Paul Desmond (with Brubeck), with his increasingly remote and ethereal horn, playing as though at the last stages of a nocturnal *fête champêtre* to celebrate the completion of a luxury fall-out shelter, his ballads full of cool sympathy but also of a desire to dissociate himself from the proceedings. There was that extraordinary drummer Elvin Jones, the most masterly we have heard here in years, splendid in a small leather cap and a vast knitted brown-and-white Norwegian ski-type jacket. There was John Coltrane (also on LTZ-K 15219), a greatly gifted saxophonist, who suffers the triple disadvantage of Africanism, competing for the 'furthest-out' position in the *avant-garde*, and a lack of self-criticism. Africa is a great place, but not so far for jazz; and it

suits drummers rather than horn-players. The *tachisme* of the present *avant-garde* makes good jazz in spite of, rather than because of, its abandonment of theme and form. And most people's ideas run out long before 20 minutes.

There remains Dizzie Gillespie whose trip (with Coltrane) has been far too brief. Gillespie, a small, button-eyed, heavily-armoured man has been for many years the most dazzling, versatile and consistent instrumentalist in jazz, and is one of the three or four most important individual players in the entire history of the music. His reputation (except for a few years in the Forties, when his goatee, dark glasses, beret and chess-playing became the trade-mark of the young jazz intellectual) has never caught up with his merits. There are signs that this injustice is at last ending. He can be seen to be, not a *chef d'école* or a pace-maker (he has been both in his time), but a giant in the central tradition of jazz. He comes to us at the peak of his maturity, no longer needing to advertise his incredible technical virtuosity, prepared even to play with simple feeling, though still reluctant – certainly on the concert platform – to wear his heart outside. He prefers a very mobile mask. There is nothing that this great artist cannot do, no moment when he does not affirm and enhance life.

The Jazz and Poetry Festival (St Pancras Town Hall, 27 November) cannot compensate for his absence, but anyone who wishes to hear many of the best modern British players in one evening will be able to do so there.

Matters of Scale

DAVID DREW

The first fully professional concert performance in England of Mahler's Third Symphony was given last week at the Festival Hall by the London Symphony Orchestra under Jascha Horenstein, and there can have been few in the large audience who did not feel a profound sense of gratitude to the conductor and the orchestra. When an unfamiliar work of this scale – filling the whole programme – can take its place in one of our regular concert series, and be given an achieved and mature performance, there is some reason for pride in London's musical life. The playing of this splendid orchestra was at its very best, and Horenstein surpassed himself. There are not many living conductors who could sustain a symphonic structure of this kind.

But can Mahler sustain it? The audience seemed to think so, but the press, on the whole, did not. The minority is not always right. The suggestion has been made that nothing but fashion leads us to condone in Mahler faults which we condemn in Liszt or Strauss; and such professions of sterling objectivity are always a paying proposition on the black market of criticism. Nevertheless, one should question whether there is any valid parallel between the structural methods of Mahler and those of the not-so-unfashionable Strauss or Liszt. Take for instance Liszt's *Faust* Symphony. Copious cuts may be made in that work without seriously damaging the musical sense, and anyone who claims that Mahler's Third is equally diffuse should be challenged to make a similar attempt.

The first movement of the Symphony is the most widely criticised, and that is the price it pays for its mountainous originality. If one accepts, as one must, the four complex

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EDITORS ARE HUMAN

The School referred to in the article "Editors are Human" (John O'London's) is The London School of Journalism. Several phrases are significant. "I think that the tutor must have spent, on occasions, two hours or more on my lessons." "His comments often run to three or four pages of typescript." The standard of personal coaching given by the LSJ is unsurpassed. If you wish to enquire about the School's various courses, you will not be bombarded with follow-up letters. If you enrol, you will work under one coach who will help you along your own lines. Your work will be returned promptly . . . no waiting for two or three months. LSJ courses cover Articles, Stories, Staff Journalism, Radio Plays, English Literature, History, etc. Ask us to send you 'Writing for the Press' post free:

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groups of the exposition, the length of the development is obligatory, and the recapitulation is, relatively speaking, epigrammatic. The dialectical progress from here to the minuet second movement, and from this marvellous reformation of tradition to the intensely innovating scherzo, is perfectly judged. But the greatest triumphs are on the greatest scale – a scale which unites the later movements with their mighty predecessor and weighs them together, cumulatively. The development of the first movement does not end until the work itself has ended.

Weekend Competition

No. 1,657 **Set by D. R. Peddy**

Evelyn Waugh's *Unconditional Surrender* mentions a wartime literary competition which called for an 'Ode to the Sword of Stalingrad'. In the light of recent developments in the USSR, competitors are invited to compose another 'Ode to the Sword of Stalingrad'. Limit 16 lines. Entries by 5 December.

Result of No. 1,654 Set by A. M. Robertson

Competitors are asked to frame an extract from a Freeman *Face to Face* interview with any of the following: Oliver Cromwell, Harriette Wilson, Nero, Dr Johnson, the Marquis de Sade, Gladstone.

Report **By John Freeman**

Perhaps I was the wrong person to judge; yet anybody else who found it easier to dispense praise would have been over-indulgent. I tried to apply the following tests: (i) that the questioner as well as the victim should be credibly parodied; (ii) that the sequence of question and answer should develop coherently and realistically (in real-life interviews you can prepare the questions, but not always predict the answers); (iii) that the exchange should show, if possible, wit, but at least some kind of insight into character. Having read the entries, I add one more Golden Rule of interviewing: the answers should add up to at least five times the length of the questions! Far too many of entries presented that ratio in reverse – and even the winners were not faultless in this respect. L. G. Udall's Nero went well:

'Knowing now the course which events have taken, does His Imperial Majesty think his attitude might have been modified towards Christianity?'

'Certainly not. I consider that, apart from the founder, I did more for that religion than anybody. Under my auspices it was purified, hardened and sanctified. In *my* day a Christian really was a Christian. It is deplorable the way subsequent rulers have sapped the life out of it.'

Two guineas each to Allan M. Laing and G. J. Blundell. A guinea for Vera Telfer, who spoiled a first-class entry with a real pig of a question at the end.

DR JOHNSON

'Dr Johnson, I believe that you undertake an annual pilgrimage to Lichfield market-place where you stand in penance for the fact that you declined to assist your father in his bookselling business there. May I ask, what are your thoughts on those occasions?'

'Sir, they are thoughts of thankfulness to God Almighty for having given me sufficient strength of purpose not to have become a bookseller.'

'Nevertheless, I should have thought that bookselling would have been a not uncongenial occupation for a man of literary tastes, such as yourself.'

'Sir, there is a vast difference between selling books for money and making them for money.'

'The difference between sixpence and half-a-crown, I suppose?'

'Nay, sir; the difference between a groat and a sovereign. Booksellers, sir, are the handmaids of literature, authors the kings. Depend upon it, you cannot overpay an author.'

G. J. BLUNDELL

DR JOHNSON

'But you must admit, Doctor, that your *obiter dicta* are often, to say the least, dogmatic?'

'Sir, I speak to convince. Would you have me stammer truth with the modest cough of a minor poet?'

'By no means, but doesn't undue emphasis of opinion sometimes give rise to suspicion of uncertainty in the speaker?'

'On occasion, I may not be so assured as I sound; but you are to consider, Sir, that I have a reputation to sustain.'

'Quite. Your method of discussion, Dr Johnson, often leaves the forum littered, so to speak, with the corpses of your humiliated opponents. Don't you ever feel compunction for the slaughtered?'

'No, Sir. When a man crosses swords with me, he must look after himself. Let him acquire the epidermis of an elephant if he fears to be punctured.'

'You don't believe in tempering the wind to the shorn lamb?'

'The wind of truth? No, Sir.'

ALLAN M. LAING

OLIVER CROMWELL

'Which do you think has influenced you more, heredity or environment?'

'I am descended from Adam in whom we have all died and have dwelt among a godly company of saints who have strengthened that faith by which we live.'

'We need not go back to Adam. Have you not some of the characteristics of your great-great-uncle, Thomas Cromwell?'

'I condemn his self-seeking.'

'You, who became Protector? But you have his ruthlessness?'

'I am a merciful man.'

'As a regicide? And in Ireland?'

'Cruel necessity and a hatred of Popishness, I gave freedom to all true Protestants.'

'You once begged an intolerant Protestant to consider, in the bowels of Christ, whether he might not be wrong. Yet you massacred women and children because you thought them wrong. Are you a schizophrene?'

VERA TELFER

The Countryside

EDWARD HYAMS

The most striking change in agricultural ways has been in the replacement of the mental, not the physical, tools. Mechanisation of physical farming operations is less important in the long run than the kind of mechanisation which leads to abandonment of judgment in favour of measurement; in other words, the abandonment of art in favour of science. It will entail loss of skill and, since men rejoice in their skill, loss of happiness; it will also entail an aesthetic loss, since the judgment of a skilled man in the applied arts was as pleasant to contemplate as the judgment of a skilled man in the fine arts. It used to be necessary to have a man about who could tell when to start picking, say, an orchard of pears. Now there's a machine which measures the maturity of the fruit in terms of its resistance to a probe.

Until recently the skilled *vigneron* relied on his palate's ability to judge the sugar-acidity balance in the grapes in order to know when to make the vintage. Now we rely on a refractometer. I believe that some judgment is still needed to pick a good malting sample of barley. In pig-farming it's important to be able to estimate the proportion of flesh to bone, lean to fat, on a live pig. This has hitherto been done by trained judgment. Now it can be done by echo-sounding; you shoot sound-waves into the pig and read off the depth of fat over lean, lean over bone, on a dial. I suppose it's all right. But it does rather remind me of the old wartime joke about German ersatz – Goering introducing a scientist to Hitler with the words: 'This man claims he can make butter from milk.' I claim you can make sensitive instruments of judgment out of men and I can't help wondering what we think our brains and senses are for. Knowing when to say bingo, perhaps.

However nobody has provided the fish wholesalers with an artificial nose yet, because no substance whose electrical conductivity varies according to the scent playing on it has been discovered. Consequently men have to be trained to sort fish into freshness grades by the smell.

On the whole the sense of smell is so neglected that in the majority of people it is more or less atrophied. It can be sharpened by a country life and particularly by gardening provided you don't smoke much. I have discovered to my gratification that years of sawing and splitting logs for the fire have left me able to distinguish certain kinds of timber with my eyes shut; oak, for example, has a very characteristic smell. I also rely on my nose to tell me whether compost heaps are fermenting correctly. But the principal use of the nose in the garden is as a source of

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pleasure and, rarely, as a means of identifying plant species or varieties.

Gardeners complain that plant breeders ignore scent; it's inevitable, for sight is our master sense and the breeder is primarily concerned with form and colour. But scent is coming back, and in the better rose catalogues varieties are always keyed for scent so that it is possible to buy only strongly scented kinds. Whether by accident or design, scent is strong in the best of the new 'blue' roses, the most attractive of the more recently achieved new colours. These roses, either hybrid teas or floribundas, are, at their best, a subtle and very pleasing shade of silvery lavender; the scent is that of the old-fashioned deep crimson and purple roses. In the variety *Sterling Silver* it is very strong indeed.

Testing visitors for sense of smell yields odd results. Almost all can smell common myrtle, rosemary, artemesia, mint; not one in 50 can tell one from the other with the eyes shut. A large minority cannot smell lily-of-the-valley, violets or lilac at all; a majority only intermittently. Either fragrance from these flowers is in fact intermittent, or their scent quickly saturates the sense of smell. It is easy to tell cypresses from thujas among the conifers by the scent of the crushed foliage; but most people cannot smell them at all. To me the scent of myrtle, very spicy, is the most delicious; I find however that most people, even those sophisticated in their indulgence of the sight and hearing, prefer sweet smells, even the oily sweetness of violets which, at high intensity, I find slightly sickening, though not as nauseating as the smell of the tuberoses which I grew some years ago and which almost kept me out of the greenhouse.

Incidentally, scent in fruit is no guide to flavour; the best smelling apples are not the best flavoured and alpine strawberries are far more fragrant than the ordinary ones, yet tasteless until well steeped in white wine.

City Lights

TAURUS

If you dislike emptying your own dustbin, if you are used to leaving such things to the professional care of pimply accountants and mauve stockbrokers, you will naturally assume, when you become Prime Minister, that economic policy can be left to ambitious juniors and civil servants. But you will not forget to demonstrate from time to time that you can be much more brilliantly common than the Common Man himself. MacWonder will prove his mastery of the business cycle by winning elections. MacEurope will enrol the economists to support his political dreams. And now, to an economic crisis which seems to be different in kind from his predecessors, MacMiddleway with assure us that everything will go well provided that we all pull together.

The City, skilled in trimming its prices to every shift of the breeze, is baffled and cross. If the situation is different from those which preceded it, the measures taken to meet it are much the same. Home demand is falling (sales, production, investment plans are all falling) but the balance of payments is as bad as ever. Whitehall, secure and objective, would like to squeeze us till the pips squeak, on the assumption that our inefficient managers and idle workers would then suddenly reform themselves; but HMG is still chiefly concerned to keep us all fairly happy until the date of the next election can be settled. For the past three

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IN HONOUR OF
CHIEF LUTHULI
to mark the occasion of his award of the
NOBEL PEACE PRIZE
Christian Action with the Anti-Apartheid Movement have arranged a meeting at
CENTRAL HALL, WESTMINSTER Friday DECEMBER 15th at 7.30 p.m.
(NOTE: DECEMBER 15th)
Speakers will include: OLIVER TAMBO, BISHOP REEVES, PHILIP NOEL BAKER, MP
Chairman: CANON L. JOHN COLLINS
Tickets 2/6 reserved, 1/- unreserved from
Christian Action, 2 Amen Court, E.C.4
Anti-Apartheid, 15 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1 or at the Hall

weeks therefore, while the indicators of home business activity have been turning steadily downwards, Mr Lloyd has been busily promising that world trade and home business activity would be expanding very shortly; junior ministers and senior civil servants have been simultaneously proclaiming that restrictions would continue, that entry into Europe would mean an early, sharp cut in tariffs, and that the narrowness of profit margins on exports would soon be matched by those on home sales. Share prices, puzzled, went up with Mr Lloyd.

They went up in a sharp burst last week when he made yet another speech, not much different from the rest, in which he hinted an expansion in world trade would soon enable him to move on from emergency restrictions to long-term planning. The City is not much interested in long-term planning or the projected Council – the TUC and the FBI, it assumes, are out only to usurp various functions of government, the government is out only to get support for whatever policy both sides agree to support – but it is always ready to take a Minister's word for it that things have improved. The boomlet however was short-lived. Mr Lloyd's optimism was closely followed by news of wage settlements to electricity and airport workers which suggested that the pay pause was now virtually over. Newspapers and backbenchers reacted quickly and a crisis seemed imminent, MacWonder had to take over himself and toss a few unimportant people to the wolves to demonstrate that the government still knows how to be tough. But the damage had been done. The affair had served to show that the government is incapable of thinking about economic policy in economic terms. Lord Hailsham, after talking about honesty and service and ancestors, said last week that *'after seven years of war and six of Socialism. I think the country deserved a bit of a spree, a holiday from austerity, a relaxation of taut nerves. Nevertheless, I think that it is time to change, to sound again the note of seriousness and dedication which characterised our covenanting forefathers.'*

The City is no longer much impressed by this sort of stuff. If it dislikes the Labour Party, it despises the Macmillan Tories; and it realises that the government, by committing the country to the waves of free competition, has left itself with little more influence over events than is needed to time an election. The odd thing, when almost everyone but the politicians is seriously considering the possibility of devaluation, is that the pound should still be quoted at $2.81\frac{1}{4}$.

* * *

Questions are regularly asked in the House nowadays about dividend restraint; the latest tried to trip up the Chancellor with his own umbrella – the fact that high surtax-payers (a few of them still remain) prefer to plough back profits and pay only the company rate of tax rather than pay them out and suffer the full private rate. The appeal for dividend restraint was a joke from the beginning: profits had been falling for some months before July and dividends were bound to follow them down sooner or later. But there has, in fact, been no obvious response to the Chancellor's appeal. Lord Hailsham, who has kept a boy counting, had to admit in a recent debate that a third of the companies announcing dividends since July had increased them. And by how much? The *Financial Times* analysis shows an increase in net equity dividends reported during August-October from £56m to £61m – over 9 per cent.

Company News

Cunard, to the relief of stockholders, has been refused permission to lose money on air flights across the Atlantic.

Whiteley's, the white elephant, has at last received a tolerable bid from *United Draperies*, in cash.

Fitch Lovell, a wholesale provision group going vertical, is acquiring supermarket expertise by buying up *Green's Stores (Ilford)*.

Rootes, which is now behaving so courageously – a year's shut-down will help to 'purify' the plant – has reported last year's profits down by half.

United Breweries has begun the brewery season with a better dividend than forecast.

Charles Roberts, a wagon-making firm which diversified into HP finance, is having to make an allowance of nearly £1m for bad debts, and is paying no dividend.

English Electric has issued a warning that profits are likely to be appreciably lower this year and that the 10 per cent dividend forecast in June will not necessarily be forthcoming.

Beaverbrook Newspapers increased its revenue by over 11 per cent to £32½m. last year, half through sales and half through advertising, but costs – half of the increase was in wages and salaries – rose slightly more.

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The Chess Board

No. 628. Brilliancy Prizes Awry

And why not? Even judges are prone to error, and time and time again they have awarded brilliancy prizes which subsequent analysis has found to be misplaced. Years ago, in this column, I recalled how J. Krejcik, looking at one of his 'brilliancies' won some decades earlier, discovered how his opponent, instead of resigning, could have turned the tables on him and become the winner rather than the victim of that prize. Another famous example is Schlechter-Salve, St Petersburg 1909, a brilliancy prize winner subsequently 'debunked' by Emanuel Lasker. There are many other examples way back in chess literature, but two fairly recent ones have just been revealed in *Schach-Echo* by V. Soultanbéieff. One is Thibaut van Hoorde in the 1951 Belgian Championship.

1) d4, Ktf6; 2) Ktf3, e6; 3) e3, b6; 4) Bd3, Bb7; 5) Kt:bd2, c5; 6) c3, Ktc6; 7) a3, d5; 8) 0-0, Bd6; 9) Qe2, 0-0; 10) dc5:, bc5:; 11) e4, Qc7; 12) Re1, Ktg4!?; 13) ed5:, ed5:; 14) Bh7:†, Kh8; 15) Ktg5, Bh2:†; 16) Kh1 [The crucial position, for here, by the simple (and fairly obvious) . . . Rae8, Black could have got the brilliancy prize which, as it happened, went to his opponent; the move would have won in every variation, Qe8: as well as Qg4: being punished by mate, whereas other moves lose at least a piece. As it happened, Black blundered, thus becoming the sucker rather than the hero of a brilliancy prize-game]. Ktce5:??; 17) Kt2f3. Rae8; 18) Be3, d4 | . . . Ktc4 would have been preferable]; 19) Kte5:, Kte3:; 20) Ktf7:†, Qf7: [forced since both . . . Kh7: and . . . Rf7: would lead to speedy mate]; 21) Ktf7:†, Kh7:; 22) fe3:, Rf7:; 23) Qh5†, Kg8; 24) Kh2:, de3:; 25) Qc5:, Rd2; 26) Qc4†, Kh8; 27) Qh4†, resigns.

In yet another Belgian Championship, the one of 1943, much the same thing happened: a brilliancy prize award for a combination subsequently found to be unsound. O'Kelly (a very young master at the time) was White against Ivanov-Limont.

1) e4, c5; 2) Ktf3, d6; 3) b4, b6; 4) Bc4, e6; 5) Qe2, Ktc6; 6) bc:, bc:, 7) 0-0, Be7; 8) Bb2, e5; 9) Bd5, Bd7; 10) Qc4, Kth6; 11) Kta3, Rb8; 12) Bc3, Ktb4; 13) Rab1, a5? (Kd5:!); 14) Kte5:!?!, de:; 15) Be5: [Now here's the crucial position when, starting with . . . Rb6? Black made a number of weak moves, thereby giving O'Kelly the chance of his brilliancy prize. Let's first see what did happen and then what ought to have happened]. Rb6?? (0-0!!); 16) Bg7:, Kd5:? (Rg8!); 17) Qd5:, Rg8; 18) Rb6:, Qb6:; 19) Rb1, Qa6: 20) Rb8†, Bd8; 21) Qe5†, Be6; 22) Qd6, Qg5; 23) Qc6†, Bd7; 24) Qf6!, Qf6:; 25) Bf6:, Kf8; 26) Rd8:†, Be8; 27) Ktc4, Rg6; 28) e5, Ktg4; 29) Ktd6, resigns.

Now back to the 15 move and to the might-have-been if Black had failed to oblige by a number of poor moves.

15) . . . 0-0!; 16) c3, Ktg4!; 17) Bb8:, Qb8:; 18) f4, Qa7, with an advantage for Black which would be even stronger if White went in for 16) Bb8:, Qb8:; 17) c3, Of4!; 18) cb:, Ktg4; 19) g3, Qh6; 20) h4, Bh4:! with a decisive attack. White's best chance in the last variation would seem to counter 17) . . . Qf4 by 18) g3!, Qf3; 19) cb:, Bh3; 20) e5, Qa3:; 21) b5! with a good deal of play left either side.

The 4-pointer for beginners is an interesting ending won by the Belgian master. To contain the King in his mating net White played 1) Ktd7, Black blundered . . . h3 and White forced the mate. How? by 1) . . . Rg4 Black could have got a 2 Kts v. P ending, theoretically still a win, but hardly for beginners. For 6 & 7 ladder-points both **B** and **C** are wins, both pretty and instructive, and not too difficult either. Usual prizes. Entries by 4 December.

A: V. Soultanbéieff 1935

B: A. S. Selesniev 1923: /3B3k/3p3b/3K2p1/3p1pP1/3P1P2/24/.

C: H. G. M. Weenink 1917: /16/P7/4k3/7B/8/1K6/6r1/.

REPORT on No. 625. Set 3 November

A: 1) . . . Qa3†!!

B: 1) Bc5†!,Ka5(best); 2) Ktc6†,Ka4; 3) Ka2,b4; 4) b3†,Kb5; 5) Ktd4†,Ka5; 6) Be7:!,Qh8; 7) Bd8† etc.

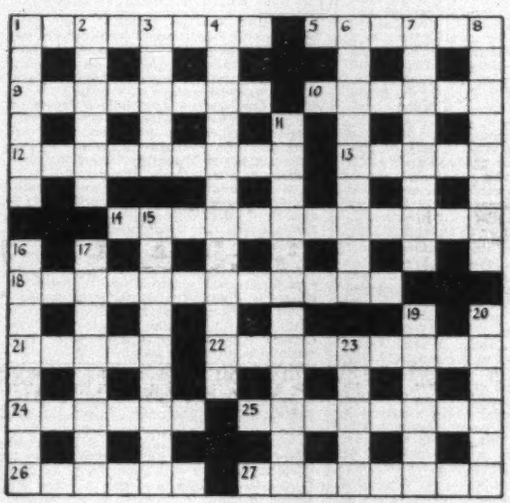
C: 1) e6,Qe6:; 2) Bf5, Qe5; 3) Kd1,e6; 4) Bg6,Qg7; 5) Kte7,e5; 6) Ktc6,a5; 7) Kte5:†,Qe5:; 8) Bf5,Qe4:; 9) Kc1!! (Be4:??), Qf5:; 10) af:,g4; 11) Kd1 and wins.

Evidently too easy; and so many correct solutions that I'll have to add a bob or two to provide a fair share-out among S. N. Collings, M. B. Connock, H. Garfath, C. H. Hattersley, L. S. Jones, J. Mitchell, C. Sansom.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 485

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 485, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 5 December.



ACROSS

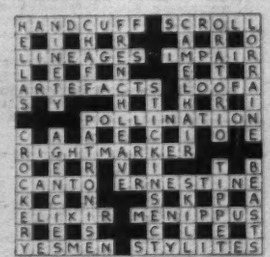
1. I'm surrounded by a body-guard holding expensive weapons (8).
5. Makes short work of rogues (6).
9. Those who are puzzling about the 550 are the passengers (8).
10. Ruffian who puts the old man in pain (6).
12. Bruce wrecked when about to punish a pirate (9).
13. In the country of river and mountains (5).
14. Twisting with the weight, it is used on ice (12).
18. Putting it in the best light, perhaps he was swallowed by a fish (12).
21. Vagrant boat (5).
22. Turn and float in the spray (9).
24. Broken hearts for loveless ones (6).
25. Place where men do not reform (8).
26. 'A king of —— and patches' (*Hamlet*) (6).
27. Cheats start for a bob to obtain a penny less (8).

DOWN

1. Writer who has it in him to plagiarise (6).
2. Infer what is chewed up in the river (6).
3. Town in central Loamshire (5).
4. Comrades rise in the middle of this patriotic song (12).
6. Splendid covering for capital love in a vessel (9).
7. Something to eat when a vehicle enters a planet (8).
8. The more metallic exercise control without inaccuracy (8).
11. Domestic opening which starts with foreign victory (6, 6).
15. Current index pure fabrication (9).
16. A district has a teasing desire for changes (8).
17. Catastrophe which occurs when there are changes in star side (8).
19. Many drink up something deadly (6).
20. 'Books in the running brooks, Sermons in ——' (*A.Y.L.I.*) (6).
23. Go under with the Central Line (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 483



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 483

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'WORLD Peace', The Journal of International Pacifism. Quarterly. Two years – $4.00 Post Office Box 6537S, Atlanta 15, Georgia, USA.

THE Colour Bar Bill – Questions and Answers, 6d. (8½d. p.f.), Labour Research Dept, 161 Drury Lane, WC2.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

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LIBRARIES bought: politics, economics, world affairs. Labour Party/TUC/CI Congress Rpts. We collect. RIV. 6807. The Hammersmith Bookshop, London, W6.

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CHILD GUIDANCE CLINIC
EDUCATIONAL PSYCHOLOGIST

required January 1961 to work partly as member of clinic team and partly on independent work in Schools Psychological Service. Salary: Soulbury Grade II, at present £1,290 x £32 10s.-£1,560 p.a. Particulars and form from Chief Education Officer, County Gardens, Rainsford Road, Chelmsford.

COUNTY COUNCIL OF ESSEX

Married couple, with good experience of residential work with children, required to take charge of Home in Ilford for 16 children, with resident assistant and domestic help. NJC salary scales for Superintendent and Matron - £730-£805 and £680-£755 respectively less £180 each for emoluments. Additional £30 p.a. paid to holders of certificate in residential child care.

Apply: Children's Officer, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

ASSISTANT for Homes Department in well-known Voluntary Society dealing with Homes for gentlepeople. Candidates should have experience in Social Service. Work calls for wisdom, understanding and experience. Salary according to present day scale. Write to Box No. 4381, c/o Charles Barker & Sons Limited, 20 Cannon Street, London, EC4.

SECRETARY, pref. young/very efficient, for interesting varied work at a S. London Settlement. Work mainly connected with scheme for helping ex-prisoners. Could also be secretary to Southwark Fair. Good salary: five-day week. WAT. 4022.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ESSEX

WELLINGTON AVENUE YOUTH CENTRE, CHINGFORD

Required 1 January 1962, or as soon as possible thereafter:

A full-time DEPUTY WARDEN (man or woman) to assist the Warden in the general administration of this Centre, the organisation of classes in vocational subjects, and the development of recreational activities.

Candidates should possess a degree, teacher's certificate, or a certificate or diploma in Social Science or Youth Leadership and have had experience in teaching and/or youth work.

Salary (subject to review) within scale: £520 x £27 10s. (16) x £40 (1) to £1,000 p.a. plus additions for approved training and graduate qualifications and London Allowance of £38 or £51 p.a. The commencing salary would include increments for recognised teaching service, war/national service, and previous approved experience.

Assistance towards removal expenses will be considered.

Details and application forms from the Divisional Education Officer, Holly House, High Road, Buckhurst Hill to be returned not later than 11 Dec. 1961.

McGILL University, Montreal, Canada. McGill University invites applications for the post of Warden of The Royal Victoria College, the appointment to take effect in the summer of 1962. The Royal Victoria College provides residence for approximately 300 women students and dining facilities for an even larger number. The Warden is directly responsible for the administration of the College and has general responsibility for the welfare of all non-resident women undergraduates in the University. She is not, however, responsible for the educational programmes of the women students, which are within the jurisdiction of the several faculties. In addition to proven administrative ability, the candidate should have a real personal interest in women undergraduates and should also possess academic qualifications sufficient to warrant her appointment as a part-time university teacher, at the appropriate rank, in the Faculty and Department of her academic interest. Residence is provided, and salary will be fixed by the Board of Governors in accordance with the experience and qualifications of the candidate. Applications (in duplicate), accompanied by a full curriculum vitae, details of past experience, the names and addresses of at least three referees and a good recent photograph, should be forwarded (by airmail, if necessary) to the Secretary of the Board of Governors, McGill University, Montreal 2, Canada, to reach him by 15 December 1961.

THE University of Liverpool. Department of Extra-mural Studies. Applications are invited for the post of Staff Tutor in Social Science for work in Liverpool and District, especially for courses for groups of Youth Leaders and Social Workers. Qualifications required in Social Science and some experience in Social Work. Salary scale range £1,050-£1,850 per annum. Initial salary will be within this range according to age, qualifications and experience. Applications, stating age, academic qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should be received not later than 15 December 1961, by the Registrar, from whom further particulars may be obtained. Quoting Reference CV/565/NS.

CO-OPERATIVE Union Ltd, Education Department. New appointment as Officer for the Auxiliaries for advice and assistance to the Co-operative adult guilds and other auxiliary organisations. This officer in the headquarters staff of the Education Department will be expected to undertake extensive visits throughout the country. Commencing salary within scale £720 x 25 to £920. Application forms and further particulars from the Chief Education Officer, Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leicestershire, to whom applics should be returned not later than 6 December 1961.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL

MENTAL HEALTH SOCIAL WORKERS

Expansion of community care services provides appointments in the following grades for which application is invited from suitably qualified men and women.

SENIOR MENTAL WELFARE OFFICERS - £940-£1,300
MENTAL WELFARE OFFICERS GRADE I - £740-£1,060
MENTAL WELFARE OFFICERS GRADE II - £700 (at age 24) -£940

Commencing salary in all cases according to qualifications and experience.

PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKERS (qualified) - Whitley salary and conditions £770-£1,040

Duties include all aspects of community care of mentally disordered persons and provide good opportunities for casework as members of social worker teams in each of the county's nine divisions. Senior Mental Welfare Officers and Mental Welfare Officers grade I include statutory duties under the Mental Health Act with some stand-by duty at County Hall on rota basis outside office hours. Social science qualification an advantage but other candidates with relevant practical experience considered. Good promotion prospects. Car allowance and assisted care purchase schemes applicable to most grades.

Details and form returnable by 6 December from Medical Officer of Health, (D.1/N/3189/11), County Hall, SE1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Literary Editor, The Listener, to be responsible for the literary and art pages (including choice of original poems) and for supplements of a literary character. He must have wide knowledge of literature and the literary scene and be familiar with the general run of current literature and authors, art exhibitions and art critics. Salary £1,575 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £2,000 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.526 N. Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

COUNTY Council of Essex. Resident Male Supervisor required at Remand Home for 40 boys (Junior and Senior) at Boyles Court, Brentwood. Duties include supervision of boys' occupations (including gardening) and leisure activities and generally assist with the running of the Home. Salary scale £625 x £25 - £725 a year, less £120 for emoluments. Apply: Children's Officer, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

CALDECOTT Community, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent. Applications are invited for the post of Social Worker (woman) in the Community. This is a new appointment offering excellent opportunities for a qualified woman to gain valuable experience in a large Residential Community for children deprived of normal home life, many of whom present behaviour problems. Candidates should be between the ages of 25-35 years; hold a Social Science diploma, or a diploma in Youth Service or other recognised qualifications; they should have experience of case-work and first hand knowledge of children and young people. The successful applicant will assist the Hon. Directors of the Community in their relations to parents or County authorities responsible for children. She may also be asked to assist in After Care work with those who have left the Community. She will be responsible for all files and records. Salary £600 (with residence). Further particulars can be obtained from the Hon. Director, Miss Rendel, at the above address.

LONDON County Council. Education Officer's Department. Applications are invited from Social Workers (men and women, including married women wishing to re-enter employment) for appointment as Assistant Organisers of Children's Care Work. Candidates should hold a degree or certificate in Social Science or similar qualifications; experience in practical social work desirable. Assistant Organisers have to train and advise Voluntary Care Committee workers in a wide range of preventive casework for children and their families helping them to use all the special services available and to deal with problems arising both from poverty and from difficult family relationships. They thus direct, co-ordinate and participate in case-work. Salary £700 x £40 - £940, commencing rate according to experience and qualifications; promotion prospects. Exceptionally, part-time engagements may be considered. Application forms with details from the Education Officer, (Estab. 2/N/3194/11), County Hall, SE1, returnable by 11 December 1961.

CHAMBERLIN, Powell & Bon require an Assistant in their Research Section. The work involves research in building materials and building methods in connection with a large number of interesting projects. It is desirable that applicants should have some years' experience in a large office. Salary to be in accordance with experience. Applications should be made to the Director, Research Section, 1 Lamont Road Passage, London, SW10.

MIDDLESEX County Council - County Health Dept. Psychiatric Social Workers (whole or part-time) reqd for skilled casework in community care services. Work is developing in scope & individual interest in various aspects of social treatment is encouraged. Successful applicants with more experience have opportunity of learning teaching methods & group supervision. Casework consultation with exper. officers available for newly qualified. Establishment of 10 psychiatric social workers & County Psychiatric Social Work Organiser. PTA quals & salary. Car allowance. Particulars & 2 referees to County Medical Officer, Ref. 'S' 3, 5 & 7 Old Queen St, SW1, by 8 December (Quote H.853 NS).

BEMBRIDGE School, Isle of Wight: Required in January a Matron for the Junior House (50 boys aged 8½ to 13½) for general supervision. Nursing or domestic qualifications are valued but not essential. Salary according to experience and qualifications. Applications to the Headmaster, Bembridge School.

QUALIFIED Accountant. Required for rapidly expanding practice in Nyasaland a young qualified accountant. The position offers a generous salary with passages paid and the chance to get in at the bottom in a territory where racial relations are harmonious, rapid development is imminent and the climate is pleasant. The successful applicant may be assured that he will enjoy a high standard of living and will be able to make regular savings. Nyasaland is at present outside the fall out zone and we have never had it so good. Interviews may be arranged in England between 24 Dec. 1961 and 10 Jan. 1962. Applications please to PO Box 1, Blantyre, Nyasaland.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COMMONWEALTH and Foreign Affairs - Central Office of Information requires Assistant Information Officers (unestablished) to write reference information papers for overseas use on Commonwealth (including UK dependencies) and international affairs. Candidates should be graduates with a knowledge of either the Commonwealth or foreign territories and of relevant sources of information. Some experience in preparing factual articles, reports, lectures or broadcasts would be advantageous. Examples of written work may be required. Starting salary according to exp. and quals and will be on a scale rising to £1,214. Write, giving age, full details of exp. and quals to Manager (PE.3992) Ministry of Labour, Professional & Executive Register, Atlantic House, Farringdon St, Ldn, EC4.

OXFORD Committee for Famine Relief wishes to appoint a Secretary. Duties to act as secretary to the Council and Committees, and assume major responsibility for administration of the offices in Oxford. Senior appointment carrying reasonable salary with pension and other benefits. Candidates should preferably be over 30, with experience of Committee work and administration, and have a real interest in the aims of the charity. Applications in writing to the Director, Oxfam, 17 Broad Street, Oxford.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Domestic Bursar at Holly Royde, a college for short adult education courses run by the Extra Mural Department. Salary (subject to annual review) not less than £500 per annum with free board and residence. Pleasant accommodation: sufficient for an additional relative. Post vacant from 1 January 1962. Applications should be sent by 9 December to the Registrar, The University, Oxford Road, Manchester, 13, from whom further details may be obtained

LONDON County Council. Social Workers required in Public Health Department as assistant organisers of children's care work. Suitable candidates will have opportunity of undertaking case work with problem families. Work involves organisation of treatment in school health service attendance at school clinics and hospitals and social work arising therefrom, close co-operation with voluntary care committee workers and some responsibility for their recruitment and training. Case work with problem families usually prolonged, intensive and aimed to help such families become self-supporting and acceptable members of the community. Preference to candidates with social science training and experience in practical social work. Applications welcomed from married women wishing to return to social work on full or part-time basis. £700-£940 commencing according to qualifications and experience. Details and form from Medical Officer of Health (D.1/N/3174/11), County Hall, SE1, closing date 4 December.

DARTINGTON Hall School, Totnes, Devon. Co-educational boarding school. Required in January, two assistant housemothers in the Senior School (ages 13 to 18). Applicants should want to work with adolescents and be willing to undertake some light domestic duties. Opportunity for private study, arts, crafts and music. Temporary or permanent. Salary £200 p.a. plus full residence in term time. Apply with full details to the Principals

ASSISTANT Matron/Housekeeper wanted for Jewish Old Age Home in Hampstead Garden Suburb to be opened shortly. Continental background desirable. Excellent accommodation and remuneration. Applications to Secretary, Association of Jewish Refugees in Great Britain, 8 Fairfax Mansions, Fairfax Road, London, NW3

WANTED in Co-educational School a reliable person to supervise out-of-school activities of junior boarders. Interesting post. Initial salary £260 plus residence during term time. Apply with testimonial - Headmistress, Thstock Place School, Roehampton, London, SW15

TUTOR-Organiser required for Northumberland. Degree essential and appropriate to adult education. Salary scale £900 x 50 - £1,500. Commencing salary may be higher than the minima according to experience and qualifications. Application form (s.a.e.) from Workers' Educational Association, 51 Grainger Street, Newcastle upon Tyne. 1. Closing date 16 December 1961

£850 to £1,000 for right man to take responsible position as leader of Jewish Youth Club in London. Initiative, originality and administrative reliability are a 'must'. Box 6908

SECRETARY required in mid-January for Department of Zoology (Professor P. B. Medawar), University College London (Gower St, WC1): interest in zoology and previous secretarial experience in scientific department desirable; good speeds shorthand and typing essential. Applications to Assistant Secretary.

COLLET'S (booksellers) need two general clerical workers - one junior - in their Export departments to handle book and subscription orders. 5-day week, 2 weeks' holiday next year, 3 weeks subsequently. Salary according to CAWU Agreement. Apply Mrs Birch, 44/45 Museum Street, London, WC1

THE North Western Reform Synagogue, Alyth Gardens, NW11. Religion School teachers reqd Sundays 10 a.m.-12.30 p.m. Apply to the Minister at above address.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ABSTRACTOR, part-time, required by the British Institute of Management for abstracting articles on management subjects; some proof reading and editorial work. Foreign languages desirable; abstracting experience essential. Salary by arrangement. Apply: Head of Publications Division, British Institute of Management, 80 Fetter Lane, London, EC4.

WANTED: Assistant warden as gardening instructress for Girls' Approved Probation Home. Residential - C. of E. - Salary £550-£650. Apply Sister E. Beeton CA, St Barbara's Approved Probation Home, 145 Stakes Road, Purbrook, Hants.

YOUTH Workers required (Greater London), opportunities for experimental work in centres. Joint consultation available. Salaries JNCYL scale. Write stating qualifications to Box 7092.

RESIDENT Secretary-Shorthand typist required for Bodenham Manor School, Nr Hereford. This is a home and school for 32 maladjusted boys from the age of 8 years. Salary £300-£350 per annum, according to experience, plus full residential emoluments. Apply: Secretary to the Managers, 23 Laburnum Road, Birmingham, 30.

THE Arts Council of Great Britain, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Candidates are invited to apply in writing to The Establishment Officer for posts as: (a) Ledger Clerks (male) aged up to 30, (b) Junior Shorthand-typist, (c) Senior Shorthand-typist. 5-day week, 9-5.30.

DARTINGTON Hall School, Totnes, Devon. Co-educational Boarding School. Required in January, housemother to take charge of a group of 17 boarders aged 10 to 12. Salary £450 plus full residence in term time. Apply stating qualifications and experience to the Principals.

TRADE Union Solicitors, with large practice in London, require intelligent and progressive young man with or without previous legal experience for training as litigation clerk, dealing mainly with claims for damages arising out of industrial accidents. Box 6753

WEST London travel agency reqs Travel Clerk (lady or gent.), experience unnecessary, commonsense essent. Box 7197.

WANTED: part-time secretary with tape-recorder. Reply to Box 7153.

UNIVERSITY graduates, male, mathematical bias, lecturing ability, age 25/35, commercial flair. To learn to instruct in accounting machines. High salary. GK Bureau, MUSeum 6858.

TEACHERS needed in January to teach English in Andalusia. Some Spanish necessary. Write: Academia Britanica, 40 Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W1.

PART-time secretary (f.) for inventor 3-5 afternoons per week. Practical inclination and organising ability would be of advantage. RIV 6900.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EXPERIENCED Family Caseworker reqd 3 days weekly, West Hampstead area. Starting salary £390 per annum. Box 7146.

PART-time secretary wanted for literary work in London. Box 6929.

SHORTHAND-typist wanted Monday-Friday by Welfare Organisation in Kensington. Box 7185.

PUBLISHERS need efficient typists for short MSS. 2s. 6d. + 6d. a copy per thousand words. Box 7069.

ALL good class domestic and catering staff supplied and wanted. Call Ainslies, 1 Dover Street, W1. HYD. 5995.

MEDICAL Secretaries & Receptionists urgently required for Doctors and Hospitals. Perm. & temp. M. & S. Agency, 32 Queen Victoria St, EC4. CITy 7131.

A GENUINE selection of attractive office posts. Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

HUNGARIAN emigrant, 28, just arrived UK with a diploma at the University of Accountancy, Budapest (special qualification in the administration of construction companies) and a degree in acountancy. Also has a degree in economics at the University of Economics in Budapest. Studied altogether for 6 years. Practical experience 5 years. Urgently requires work suited to his capabilities. Barnabas Büky, 59 Preston New Rd, Blackburn, Lancs.

YOUNG graduate, sec. qualifications, seeks post where intelligence counts more than time-keeping. Box 7011.

MAN, liberal-minded, wants light or part-time post, e.g. family factotum or aide to handicapped person. Driver. Box 7178.

YOUNG woman with child (6) sks housekeeper's post/mother's help after Xmas. Can cook (plain). Adores children. Country pref. Congenial position desired. Box 7157.

LSE graduate, female, 23, good French, car-driver, seeks temporary or part-time work. Box 7191.

WOMAN grad. teacher, French/German avail. conference/office/educat. work, home or abroad, 18 Dec.-9 Jan. Box 7134.

WRITER (f.) expd radio scripts/plays, amateur theatre, sks commns. Box 7121.

GRADUATE (m.) Politics, Dip Soc., seeks interesting, responsible position London area. Anything consid. Box 7122.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

BEAUTIFULLY furn. flat, 2 rooms, kit., share bathrm; suit two ladies. Highgate. Ring FITzroy 2196.

FLAT, ptly furn., lge rm & k., all facs, elegant house NW2. GLA. 9088 aft. 6.

ICI PLASTICS DIVISION

IF YOU ARE AN ARCHITECT

The Plastics Division, after consultation with the Royal Institute of British Architects seeks an architect to work for two or three years with a technical team pioneering uses for plastics in building, both as ancillaries and for cladding and structures. The active development work being undertaken is likely to lead to trials to illustrate the effect on design of the use of plastics.

The work offers an unrivalled opportunity for an enterprising man to obtain a leading place in a field of much potential future importance and the appointment is visualised as a useful stepping stone for a man between 25 and 35 who wishes subsequently to return to his normal work in the profession.

Apply briefly to:

The Personnel Manager,
IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LIMITED,
Plastics Division, Bessemer Road,
Welwyn Garden City, Herts.
quoting reference number 5148/BQ.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—contd

CENTRALLY heated room in gentleman's house with breakfast, shower and service. 3 miles north Trafalgar Square. £3 5s. p. week, £6 10s. incl. garage. Box 7192.

W8. Furn. gd-fl. base. dble bed, s., sit., clkrm. Music prac. 8 gns. Box 7022.

GIRL, 20's, wanted to share Hampstead s/contd flat. £2 10s. PRI. 6532.

WC1. Two furn. rms, incl. kit., use bthrm. 3½ gns. Sgle woman. Box 7126.

BED-sit. available for woman in Bayswater flat. AMB. 0965 after 6.30 p.m.

W8. Bed-sits. 1 sgle, 1 dble. C.h., c.h.w., brkfst, dinner, no extras. 7-8 gns. Refs reqd but no s.a. envelopes. Box 7078.

YOUNG man offered own rm in bachelor's house, Palmers Green. Share lounge, kit. BOW. 0142 aft. 6 p.m. Any-time wkend.

FLAT Highgate, new furn. & dec., lounge, bedrm, kit.-private landing, share bath, lav., tel. with 1 other. FIT. 1345.

HAMPSTEAD. Well furn. 2-rmd flat. 9 gns p.w. incl. elec., serv. PRI. 0488.

S/C. furn. flat. Double bed-sit., kitchen, bathroom. Quiet house. LAD. 3031.

HIGHGATE. Kindred spirit, (f., 25+) interested skiing and the Arts, wanted to share pleasant self-contained flat. Own room. Very reasonable rent. Box 7034.

SPACIOUS single bed-sit.-room in private flat, NW6. 4 gns. MAI. 1128.

HAMPSTEAD. Comf. bed-sitter, use of kit., bath. Tel. MAI. 5196 mornings.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 300 double and single rooms. £5 full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

SPEED and efficiency is the hallmark, offered to all persons calling at our Office in search of flats, flatlets and bed-sitting-rooms in the NW London area at rentals of under 10 gns per week. Personal Accommodation Services, 28 Church Row, NW3. HAM. 0027

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

YOUNG economist, wife expecting baby, need furn. or unfurn. flat (preferably under £5) from 1 January. Box 7156.

PIANIST (f.) sks self-contd flat Central London, 3/4 rms, approx. £7, or warm room NW approx. £3. Willing baby-sit., music lessons. Box 7148.

STUDENT composer, sculptor, married, reqs suitable accomm., furnished/partly furnished, London. Reasonable. Box 7076.

FURN. flat for family of 4 adults, 2/3 bdrms, Jan. '62 to '63 nr trans to Lond. Univ., Charing X. Max. 10 gns. Box 7150.

ENGLISHMAN, 24, seeks inexpensive accommodation, possibly sharing, access West London. Box 7159.

YOUNG graduate librarian sks warm room, cooking facils, pref. own basin. Moderate rent. Central. Box 7128.

CHILD Care Officer (f.) reqs bed-sit. and kit. or sharing kit. in Canonbury, or easy access to East End. Box 7020.

OXFORD English undergraduette requires vacation accom., sharing flat or similar. London or Birmingham. Box 6970.

MUSICIAN & wife (no children) urgently need room/flat (what have you?). Highest references. KIL. 0587 after 2 p.m.

REPUTABLE School requires good family accommodation for continental students: London, Bournemouth and Oxford. Terms etc. to Box 6966.

ART tchr, wife, 3 chldn sk unf./furn. accom. in/nr Dundee. 6 mths. Box 7060.

FELLOWSHIPS

ROTHMANS Fellowships. Rothmans of Pall Mall (Australia) Limited have set up the Rothmans University Endowment Fund to encourage higher education and research for the benefit of the Australian national welfare. The Fund is administered in the University of Sydney by Trustees on behalf of all Australian Universities. The Trustees have agreed to establish Rothmans Fellowships at Senior and Junior levels to enable Fellows to undertake post-graduate work within a University or approved institution. The Senior Fellowship is of annual value of not more than £A4,000. The Junior Fellowship is in two grades, the first of an annual value of from £A1,000 to £A1,250, the second of an annual value of not more than £A2,300. At the discretion of the Trustees, a Fellow may be paid travelling expenses incurred in taking up the Fellowship and returning to his home. In addition, an amount of £A500 per annum is available at the discretion of the Trustees, to the University of institution where the Fellow is working for the payment of fees and expenses including the purchase and maintenance of equipment. The Fellowships are open to graduates of any University but may be held at other than an Australian University only by a graduate of an Australian University. Preference in the award of the Fellowships will be given to graduates who desire to work in an Australian University. Application forms and further details may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applics close on 31 December 1961.

OPERA AND BALLET

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE
Covent Garden, WC2.

THE ROYAL BALLET
27 Nov. & 1 Dec. at 7.30 The Sleeping Beauty
2 Dec. at 2.0 Ondine

COVENT GARDEN OPERA
28 & 30 Nov. at 7.30 The Silent Woman
29 Nov. at 7.0 Aida
2 Dec. at 7.30 The Queen of Spades
Box Office Tel.: COV. 1066

OPERA Circle, Sun. 26 Nov., 8 p.m. In the Crush Bar, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2. 'The Silent Woman' by Richard Strauss. Intro. by Arthur Jacobs; illustrated by Barbara Holt, David Ward, Joseph Ward. At the piano Norman Feasey. Details: Hon. Sec., WEStern 7513.

THEATRES

APOLLO, GER. 2663. Evgs 8, S. 5 & 8, Th. 2.30. A Whistle in the Dark. 'The stage blazes with danger', K. Tynan, Observer, 'See it for yourself', New Statesman.

ARTS, TEM. 3334. Evgs 8, Sat. 5 & 8. 'The Cupboard'. Members.

IN-STAGE: The Removal by C. Marowitz 30 Nov., 1 & 3 Dec. Sundays thereafter. 9 Fitzroy Square, W1. 7.30 p.m. Adm. free.

MERMAID. (CITy 7656). Sherriff's 'The Long Sunset'. 6 & 8.40.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745. 7.30, St. 5, 8.15. Th. 2.30. 'The Keep' by Gwyn Thomas.

TOWER, N1. (CAN. 3475 9-6, CAN. 5111 6-8.30). Von Kleist's 'Penthesilea' 23-25 November at 7.30. Ionesco's 'The Killer' (London première) 1-9 December at 7.30. (Members 3 December at 7).

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'And Him Stretched' by Patrick Galvin. F, S, Sn. 7.45. Mems

VANBRUGH Theatre, Malet Street, WC1. 'The Provoked Wife' by Sir John Vanbrugh. 29, 30 Nov., 2.30 & 7.30. Ad. free

CONCERTS

RECORDED Concert: Sonata for Flute, Oboe, Cello and Harpsichord by Elliott Carter, and Symphony No. 2 by Charles Ives. The New York Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Leonard Bernstein. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Wednesday, 29 November, 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

19TH Cent. Hungarian music: next Friday, 1 Dec. at 8: at 4 St James's Sq., SW1. Cimbalom, viola d'amore, baritone, and piano: Montagu Cleeve, John Leach, Philip Lewtas, Susanna Slivko. Tickets 5s. (students 2s. 6d.) from British Hungarian Friendship Soc., 136a Westbourne Terrace, W2. (PAD. 8471).

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). Margot Fonteyn in 'The Royal Ballet' (U) in colour.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. The Maxim Gorki Trilogy. Until 26 Nov.: 'The Childhood of Maxim Gorki' (A). From 27 Nov.: 'My Apprenticeship' (U).

WHERE else in London will you see Guards rubbing shoulders with unemployed actors, debutantes with unfrocked priests? Practically everywhere, but that's no reason to shun The Establishment. Drink cheap, eat cheap, dance and laugh, damn you, laugh at two satirical shows nightly at The Establishment, 18 Greek St. GER. 8111.

NEW Jazz, New Poetry; 'New Departures' presents at St Pancras Town Hall, Mon. 27 Nov., 7.30 p.m. Admn 7s. 6d., 5s.

TYROLESE Ball & Cabaret with Toni Praxmair's Kitzbuhel Dancers & Singers Fri. 1 Dec., 8 p.m. to 1 a.m. Kensington Town Hall. Tickets including Buffet in Viennese style. Double 37s. 6d. Single 21s. From Anglo-Austrian Society, 139 Kensington High St, W8. WEStern 9003.

GALA Dance (Over 25's), Fri. 1 Dec., 8-11.30, Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, Russell Square, WC1. Adm. 5s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

RUDOLF STEINER CENTENARY – MERCURY ARTS GROUP

TOWARDS LIVING COLOUR AND FORM

29 November-13 December 1961

Exhibition at the Ceylon Tea Centre, Lower Regent Street, London, SW1. Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays & Fridays 12-8 p.m. Wednesdays 12-6 p.m. Saturdays & Sundays 12-5 p.m. Admission 1s. 6d.

ZWEMMERS, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Nolan (The Leda Suite), also Picasso, Bores, Desudin, Bott, Boyd, Bratby, Erni, Epstein, Piper, Sutherland, Tunnard etc.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

EPSTEIN: Memorial Exhibition. Arts Council Exhibition, Tate Gallery. Till 17 Dec. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues., Thurs. 10-8, Sun. 2-6. Admission 3s. 6d.

MODERN Jewellery. 800 pieces from 32 countries at International Exhibition of Modern Jewellery (1890-1961), Goldsmiths' Hall, Foster Lane, Cheapside, EC2. Daily 10.30-6.30 (Not Sundays) 26 Oct.-2 Dec. Adm. 3s. 6d (Students 1s. 6d.).

LARIONOV and Goncharova. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 16 Dec., Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues, Thurs, 10-8. Admission 2s. 6d.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Sculpture and Picture Fair. Until 13 December. Arp, Piper, Chadwick, etc. Tickets 15 gns; each ticket wins a picture or sculpture. Admission free. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1. ICA Library – Roger Mayne, 'Portrait of Southam St', Photographs.

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond St, W1. (HYD. 6195). 'French Landscapes'. Bonnard, Cézanne, Monet, Pissarro, Renoir, Van Gogh, etc. In aid of British ORT. Adm. 2s. 6d., students 1s. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12.

WADDINGTON Galleries, recent paintings by Kit Barker. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

AMERICAN Folk Art, 20 Nov. through Dec. USIS Gallery, American Embassy, Grosvenor Sq., W1. Mon.-Fri. 9-6, Sat. 1-5.

NEW London Gallery, 17/18 Old Bond St. (GRO. 6755). Lynn Chadwick – First major London Exhibition for 10 years. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12. Admission free.

UPPER Grosvenor Galleries, 19 Upper Grosvenor Street, W1. HYDe Park 3091. From 7 Nov. to 30 Nov. inclusive. Simon Segal Paintings. Also the 42 originals of Segal's splendid Biblical Gouaches.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Derek Hill: A retrospective exhibition of paintings and drawings 1938-1961. 23 November to 31 December. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays and 23 to 26 December inclusive. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St, W1. Pottery & Sculpture by Denise & Rosemary Wren. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1. 14 November-2 December.

GROSVENOR Gallery, 15 Davies Street, W1. Anatoli Kaplan: lithographs, The World of Sholem Aleichem & scenes, tales, songs of Russian Provincial life. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 9.30-1.

AGNEW Gallery, 43 Old Bond St, W1. Loan Exhibition of Victorian Painting, 1837-1887. 9.30-5.30. Saturdays 9.30-1 p.m.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. Christmas Present Exhibition. Charming small pictures by English and French artists. Weekdays 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Until 31 November. Yugoslav Artists. Sculpture by Bakic; Paintings by Picelj; Drawings by Petrovic.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Mosaics by Laurel Cooper. Paintings by Raymond Fawcett and Leonard Wyatt. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1. Till 2 December 1961.

CRANE Kalman Gallery, 178 Brompton Road, SW3: 19th & 20th Century Paintings – Vlaminck, Marquet, Van Dongen, Utrillo, Soutine, Dufy, Jawlensky, Ernst, etc. 10-7, Saturday 10-4.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St George St, W1. Rezvani – Paintings, Reliefs. Opening Wednesday 29 November. Until 13 January. Daily 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.

RAWINSKY Gallery, 10 Newburgh St, W1. Christmas Show of Original Works by Twenty Artists, between £6 and £60. Open till 8 Thursdays.

MOLTON Gallery – Robyn Denny – recent paintings. 15 Nov.-9 Dec. 44 South Molton St, W1. Daily 10-6. Sats 10-1.

HAMPSTEAD Art Cellar, 1 Heath Street, corner of Perrins Walk, NW3. Ishbel McWhirter – recent paintings and drawings. Until 16 Dec. Open weekdays 1-5.30 p.m. Saturdays 10 a.m.-1 p.m.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Paintings by Henry Sanders. Daily 10-5.30, Thurs. 10-1, Sat. 10-7.

EXHIBITION of Paintings by Régis de Cachard at 207 King's Road, SW3. FLA. 9000.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Admission Free.

'NUDES of Jean Straker' – Photography 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

COUNT DOWN FOR IMMIGRANTS

FENNER BROCKWAY MP
(Conservative)

continues his TV discussion with

NORMAN PANNELL MP
(Conservative)

8 p.m., National Book League, 7 Albemarle St, W1,

Thursday, 30 November.

You still have time to put your views on the Immigration Bill at this debate to be held by the British Overseas Socialist Fellowship (London).

Admission, coffee and biscuits, 2s.

RUDOLF STEINER CENTENARY – MERCURY ARTS GROUP

Rudolf Steiner House, 35 Park Road, London, NW1 at 7.15 p.m.

Rudolf Steiner's
IMPULSE IN SCULPTURE AND ARCHITECTURE,

by A. W. Mann. Monday 27 November 1961. Admission 2s. Students 1s.

RUDOLF STEINER CENTENARY – MERCURY ARTS GROUP

Rudolf Steiner House, 35 Park Road, London, NW1 at 7.15 p.m.

COLOUR AND LIGHT IN MODERN PAINTING,

by Gladys Mayer, Wednesday, 29 November 1961. Admn 2s. Students 1s.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'The Chronology of the Megalithic Culture in Iberia' will be delivered by Professor Martin Almagro (Madrid) at 5.45 p.m. on 4 December at the Institute of Archaeology, 31-34 Gordon Square, WC1. The lecture will be delivered in French. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY College London, Gower St, WC1. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.15-2. Admission free. 28 Nov. 'What is wrong with Relativity?' by Dr G. B. Brown. 30 Nov. 'The Crisis in British Town Planning' by Mr L. B. Keeble; 5 Dec. 'Biological Time-keeping' by Dr H. Kalmus.

LONDON New Left Review Club Day School, Sat., 25 Nov. 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. ACTT, 2 Soho Sq. Socialism and the World Revolution – anti-colonialism, underdevelopment, neutralism. Speakers: Robert Cassen, John Rex, Peter Worsley. Admission 3s. 6d. (or 2s. per session).

HALDANE Society: Symposium on the 'Wagon Mound' case, the Privy Council decision which overruled 'Polemis'. F. W. Beney QC, Neil Lawson QC, Douglas Payne (All Souls Reader in English Law, Oxford), G. W. Dworkin (Lecturer at LSE) will read papers. Chair: Lord Chorley QC. Mon. 4 Dec., 7.15 p.m. London School of Economics. Admission (non-members) 2s.

'EDUCATIONAL Television in the United States', a lecture by Enid Love, Head of Schools Broadcasting, Associated-Rediffusion. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Tuesday, 28 November, 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 24 Nov. No meeting. Fri. 1 Dec., 8 p.m. D. Sinor: 'Mongol Invasion of Eastern Europe, with special reference to Russia'. At 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11. Sat., Sun. 25-26 Nov., 3-8 p.m. Christmas Bazaar, opening at 4 p.m. Sat. by Madame Marie Rambert. Russian books, toys, antiques, novelties. Russian buffet, songs & dances.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. Public Lecture. Wed., 29 Nov., 6.30 p.m. 'Appearance and Reality': Mr D. Harding. Also, Sat., 25 Nov., 3 p.m., the Saturday Group (reading, discussion, tea). Public Lectures at the Society will from now on normally take place at fortnightly intervals. Send 4s. for 'The Middle Way'. Enqs: TAT. 1313.

LISTENING Meetings. Lecture/Demonstration by Dr Rachel Pinney. Norbury, The Library, Beatrice Avenue 7.30, Mon. 27 Nov.; St Albans, Court House 7.30, Thur. 30 Nov.; Coventry, Friends Meeting House, Hill St. Mon. 4 Dec.; Romford, The Lorry Hall, Market Pl 7.30 Thur. 21 Dec.

'THE Real West', a National Broadcasting Company TV programme – narrated by Gary Cooper – winner of the 1961 Italia Prize. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Thursday, 30 November, 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

SHAW Society. Fri. 24 Nov. at National Book League, Albemarle St, W1, at 7 p.m. Laurence Irving on 'Irving and Shaw'.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Hella Pick on Ex-French Africa. 7.30 p.m. Wed. 29 Nov., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Soc.: Sec., 23 Shelley Crescent, Southall, Middx.

'PATHS of Glory' – Kirk Douglas, Adolphe Menjou. 'Let My People Go' – the film that shows the stark realities of apartheid. Thursday, 30 Nov., 8 p.m. St Mark's Parish Hall, Homer Row, W1. St Marylebone CND.

'QUAKERISM: a faith without dogma?'. An Address by Herbert Hodgkin, followed by a Brains Trust, Sunday 26 Nov. at 6.30, Friends House, Euston Rd. Admission free. Refreshments provided.

SOCIALIST Writers Association. Meeting, Tues. 28 Nov., 8 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. New members welcomed.

ASPECTS of London Programme No. 2 – Architecture. 'Architecture and the London County Council' – a talk given by Mr Jack Whittle, ARIBA, AMTPI, Assistant Housing Architect, LCC. The New Jewish Society, 83 Chiltern St, W1, on Wed. 29 November at 8 p.m. Adm. to guests: 3s. 6d.

MAHARISHI Mahesh Yogi's simple system of deep meditation. A key to peace and happiness within. Apply for details: Spiritual Regeneration Movement, Suite 4, 22 South Molton Street, W1.

BLACKHEATH Left Club: Ian Mikardo on Socialism Today. Kidbrooke House, Fri. 1 Dec. 8 p.m.

PERSONALIST Group. Buberian dialogue on Humanist Action between Richard Clements and J. B. Coates. Conway Hall, Fri. 1 December, 7.30 p.m.

SEX values in transition: Dr James Hemming, Sunday 26 Nov. at 7.15 p.m. 109 Lancaster Gate, W2. Progressive League.

'BRITISH Trotskyism, the Kirov Assassination, the Moscow Trials, and the 22nd Congress of the CPSU'. Speakers: Cliff Slaughter, Gerry Healy. Chairman: M. Banda. At York Hall, Caxton Hall, Westminster, SW1, Fri. 1 December, 7.30 p.m. Public Meeting org. by The Socialist Labour League, 186A Clapham High St, SW4.

INSTITUTO de España, 102 Eaton Square, SW1. Lecture by Dn José Hierro on 'Lectura comentada de sus poesías' on 30 November at 6 p.m.

MARGARET Knight MA on Scientific Humanism & Education, Sun. 26 Nov., 11 a.m. Chamber Music Concert 6.30. Conway Hall, Holborn, WC1. Tues. 28 Nov., 7.30 p.m. Discussion, 'The Moral Standards of Modern Youth: M. W. Elliott, G. B. Leslie & Dr Eustace Chesser.

SOCIALIST Party of Gt Britain, Public Meeting – 'Must Workers Strike?', Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd, SW1. (Nr Victoria Stn); Sun. 26 Nov., 7.30 p.m. Admn free; questions & discussions.

SOUTHERN Rhodesia Students Union. Dr Westphal, London University, Dept African and Oriental Studies. Lecture: 'Pre-Pioneer History of Southern Rhodesia'. Sat., 25 Nov., 7.30 p.m., Africa Unity House, 3 Collingham Gardens. Tube: Earls Court.

THE Caravan', international friendship movement, At Home, 2 December, from 2.30 p.m. 5 Lansdowne Rd, Holland Park.

MARXISM Today Forum. Monopoly and The Ruling Class. Openers of Discussion: J. E. Mortimer, Leading Trade Unionist and Sam Aaronovitch, author of 'The Ruling Class'. Monday 4 Dec., 7.30, Friends Meeting Hse, Euston Rd. Adm. 1s. 6d

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 26 Nov., 6.30, Music & Readings. 7 p.m. 'Human Potentialities': H. J. Blackham.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30, Sun. 26 Nov. 5 Caledonian Rd, Kings X. Swami Bhaskaranand: 'Panacea of Peace'.

'KARMA, the Law of Justice'. Public lecture, 26 Nov., 8 p.m. Free literature. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

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PERSONAL

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RETIRED, sks others interested books, art etc. London area. Box 6984.

WORKING man, living alone, needs job, home to rehabilitate himself, socially, physically. Interests: music, politics. Offers/advice welcome. Box 7147.

GRADUATE with baby daughter seeks post. Anything considered. Box 7102.

AIX-en-Provence. Single man or couple sought by Anglo-French owners to occupy their property near Aix. Accommodation rent-free in return for work to improve house and garden. Own car an advantage. Box 7149.

'SHE' school teacher slowly turning into 'she-dragon' urgently requires new job from January. Box 7075.

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KIND homes wanted for two kittens, 10-11 weeks old. 'Phone FRE. 4694.

SOUTH France Xmas for some French typing. Who (m.) says yes? Box 7120.

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

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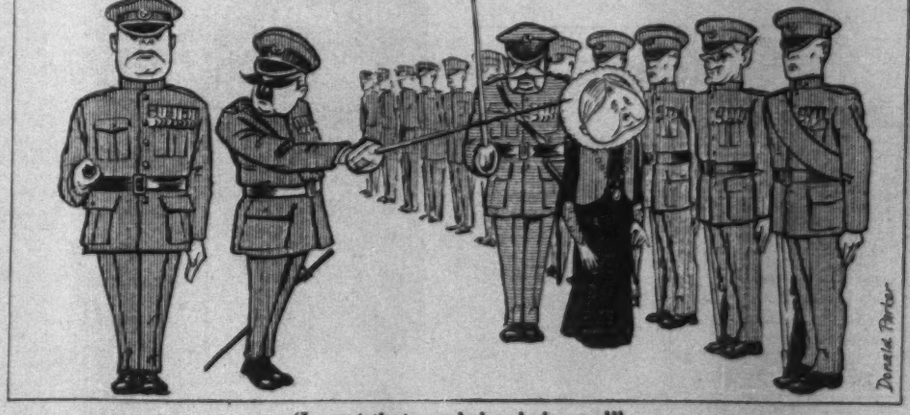

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940 BACH
Brandenburg Concerto
No. 3
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HOW CONCERT HALL OPERATES AND CONDITIONS OF MEMBERSHIP

You receive immediately the three 7" L.P's of your choice for just 6/-. Each month you will receive free of charge a copy of the society's Bulletin describing its latest releases. One of these, a 12" long-playing high fidelity recording will be selected by its Musical Committee as the "Record of the Month". This record will be posted to you, unless you inform the club otherwise in advance—by means of a simple postcard sent to you with the Bulletin.

Members who do not want the "Record of the Month" may replace it by another record or they may even request that no record at all be sent that month if they so choose. For each "Record of the Month" sent, the member will be charged just 26/- (plus postage) instead of the 35/- or 40/- you would normally expect to pay for records of this quality.

The only obligation of the membership is to purchase as few as four records in the course of the year from among the dozens which will be offered. The membership will be cancelled at any time thereafter by means of a simple card requesting it.

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READ WHAT THESE ENTHUSIASTIC MEMBERS SAY ABOUT CONCERT HALL

Many thanks for the four excellent introductory records. They are all you claim, superb and a joy to own.
Mr. J. B. (Fort William, Scotland)

Thank you very much for the records. I think they are marvellous and my friend does, too. In fact, he has sent for some himself.
Miss R. T. (Mansfield, Notts)

I must say that I am simply amazed at the quality of the records. I have no idea how you can turn out such wonderful recordings at such a ridiculously low price.
Mr. R. W. (Farringdon, Sunderland)

I've found a worthwhile hobby thanks to you.
Mr. K. A. M. (Thornton, Surrey)

My daughter (aged 12) was not at all sure she approved of my choice. However, after listening to these records she's delighted . . . they're already taking the place of Cliff Richard!
Mrs. I. W. (Leicester)

IMPORTANT ADDITIONAL SAVING

If you return the coupon within 3 days, you may choose a fourth record for only 2/-

POST TODAY—SEND NO MONEY NOW

Concert Hall Record Club Ltd., Dept. CI 309
Grove House, 551 London Road, Isleworth, Middx.

Please send me the four records circled on the right for just 2/- per record (plus delivery charges), and enter my membership in the Concert Hall Record Club as described in this advertisement. I agree to purchase at least 4 records in the next 12 months from among the dozens to be offered at the money-saving Concert Hall prices which save me up to 35% off normal retail prices. SEND NO MONEY NOW

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95 96 916 930 931 937 939 940 942 957 959 961

Name.....

Address.....

Town..... County .....

Signature.....

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